THE ROYAL

4D.

PUBLISHED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., LONDON, W

Digitized by Google

"I TAKE THEM,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

MY HUSBAND TAKES THEM,

AND THE CHILDREN TAKE THEM TOO."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood, invigorate the whole nervous system, and give tone and energy to the muscles. In the preparation of BEECHAM'S PILLS the most scrupulous care is taken, and the ingredients form the most successful combination that has ever been discovered.

In Boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 each. Sold everywhere.

BODLEIAN 22-5-1900 LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Throat Irritation, Influenza, Worry, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c., use

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is Pleasant, Soothing, Cooling, Health-giving, Refreshing and Invigorating. **No Family should be without it.**

IT PREVENTS DIARRHŒA AND REMOVES IT IN THE EARLY STAGES.

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of Life is immensely increased.

"**AS AN ILLUSTRATION** of the beneficial effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I give you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also consulting very eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in a hearty manner. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been beneficial in various kinds of complaints, that I think you may very well extend its use *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and invigorating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, VERITAS."

(*From the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.*)

. ***IMPORTANT TO PARENTS.***—"MY LITTLE BOY, who is seven years old, had a very bad attack of LARYNGITIS, followed by INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, leaving his bowels very troublesome and costive. About Spring-time of last year I was strongly advised to ry ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and I am happy to say that since taking it he has never been better in his life.—Yours faithfully, TRUTH."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—*See Capsule marked "ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'" Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

Digitized by Google

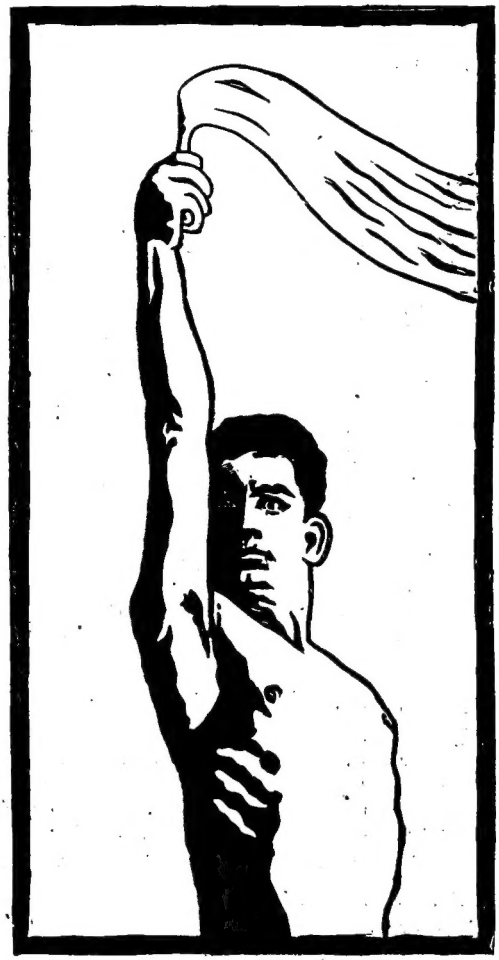
TROPON

NATURAL PURE ALBUMEN.

The only Food for the **HEALTHY** and **INVALIDS.**

FOR **CONSUMPTIVES,** and all suffering from **WASTING DISEASES.**

TROPON is immediately absorbed and perfectly digested, and transformed into blood and muscle.



THE **ESSENCE OF LIFE.**

An absolutely tasteless and odourless powder.

Can be taken in its original form, or as **TROPON BISCUITS, RUSKS,** or **CHOCOLATE.**

TROPON is tolerated by even the weakest system.

ARTHUR REINER and Co.,
Dashwood House,
Old Broad Street,
London, E.C.

FORMS MUSCLE & BLOOD.
GIVES HEALTH & STRENGTH.

Digitized by Google

Elegant Wrought Iron Flower Stand, fitted with opalescent glass holder, complete,
7 ins. high ... **1/11**
9½ ins. high ... **2/11**

OETZMANN & CO.

62, 64, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77 & 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W.

(continuation North of Tottenham Court Road),

60 & 61, GRAFTON ST., DUBLIN; 75, UNION ST., RYDE; 202, RUE ROYALE, and 12, RUE DE LA POMPE, BRUSSELS.

Solid Silver "Dredger" Pepper,

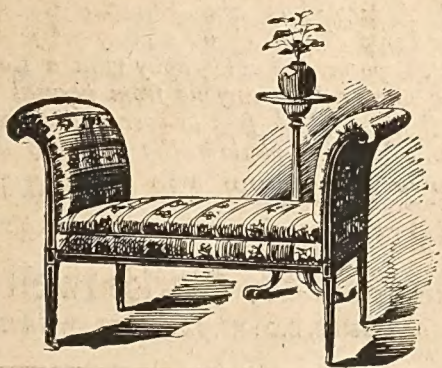
1⅜ in. high ... **2/10**
1¾ in. „ ... **4/6**
2 in. „ ... **5/3**
2⅜ in. „ ... **7/6**

Illustrated Catalogues Post Free.

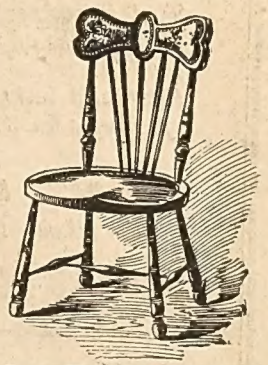
REMOVALS & WAREHOUSING. PAINTING & DECORATIONS.

CHARGES MODERATE. ESTIMATES FREE.

Elegant Drawing Room Occasional Table, with shaped top and ornamental rails in dark mahogany or walnut, **27/6.**



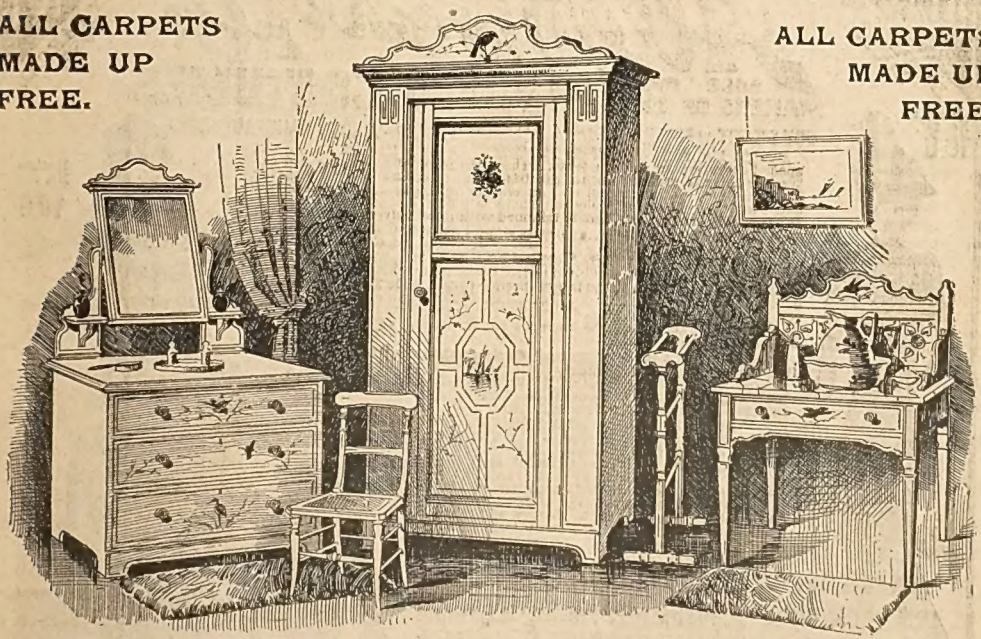
Drawing Room Window Seat or Settee, well upholstered and covered with silk tapestry, **£1 15s.**



Fancy Wood Seat Occasional Chair, stained green or dark Chippendale mahogany, and with upholstered back, **7/9.**

ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE.

ALL CARPETS MADE UP FREE.



The "Howth" Bedroom Suite.

Comprising wardrobe, 2 ft. 9 in. wide, dressing chest with glass attached, 2 ft. 9 in. wide, washstand, 2 ft. 6 in. wide. Towel horse and 1 cane seat chair enamelled any plain colour, or enamelled any colour and decorated as illustration, **£3 18s. 6d.**

Marble top and tile back to washstand as illustrated, **11/6** extra.

Digitized by Google

PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET!

The No. 1A Folding Pocket KODAK

PRICE £2 10s.

Just introduced! A marvel of compactness and portability. Takes photographs of the large size of 4¼ by 2½ in., yet folds up so as to be readily carried in the pocket. Photography with a Kodak is simplicity itself and may be mastered by anyone from perusal of the handbook of simple instructions supplied free to every purchaser. No previous knowledge of photography is required.

NO DARK ROOM IS NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

Illustrated Booklet post free. On sale by all photo dealers.

KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

Retail Branches—60, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.; 115, OXFORD ST., W.; & 171-3, REGENT ST., W.

10/6 BY PARCEL POST.

Allen Foster & Co

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

10/6 BY PARCEL POST.

BUY DIRECT AT FIRST COST FROM THE LEADING FIRM OF LONDON MANUFACTURERS

Design No. 281. 10/6

Design No. 281. 10/6.

Design No. 210.—HALF-A-GUINEA. ALLEN FOSTER & Co. call special attention to this Costume. The style is most attractive and extremely ladylike, and represents the best value in costumes obtainable for Half-a-Guinea. It is made in two excellent cloths, the **Specialite Serge** and **Venetian Cloth**, all colours. There is lining in bodice and sleeves. It has a full pleated front, and is trimmed with good velveteen and beaded gimp on bodice and collar. The skirt is well made and finished. A great Bargain for 10/6, carriage paid 6d. extra. Skirt alone, 5/6, car. paid 5d. extra.

Design No. 281.—HALF-A-GUINEA. This is quite an up-to-date design; it has a short Coat pointed in front and fitting close at back—velvet collar. The Skirt is cut in the latest approved style, made in the **Specialite Serge** and in the smooth-faced **Venetian Cloth**, in all colours. Costume complete, 10/6; carriage paid, 6d. extra. The Coat can be lined through for 3/6 extra, and the Skirt lined linenette for 2/6 extra. Patterns and Order Forms Post Free.

Design No. 318 is the **New and Fashionable Costume Skirt.** It is a Tailor-cut Skirt, with plenty of fulness, and has the fashionable box-pleated back, or can be had with inverted pleat. Made in the excellent **Venetian Cloth** or **Specialite Serge**, all colours. Price only 5/6, carriage 5d. extra.

Design No. 318 5/6

Design No. 318. 5/6.

GREAT VALUE FOR MONEY.

Colours in Specialite Serge and **Venetian Cloth** are Black, Navy, Grey, Fawn, Brown, Myrtle, Purple, Electric, New Blue, Cardinal, Dark Grey, &c. Any length cut at 1/3 per yard, 52 in. wide.

Regular Stock Sizes of Costumes are: 34, 36, 38 in. round bust (underarms), the Skirts being 38 40, and 42 in. long in front. Larger and Special Sizes to customers' own measurements, 1/6 extra.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'s **Illustrated Sketch Book and Catalogue** will be sent Post free, together with Patterns and Self-Measurement Form on application. This Sketch Book gives Illustrations of Leading Lines in Ladies' Indoor and Outdoor Costumes from Half-a-Guinea and upwards, Muslin and Pique Dresses, Costume Skirts, Blouses, Shirts, Corsets, &c. Write at once for this List of Bargains. Prompt attention paid to all letter orders. Money returned if goods not approved.

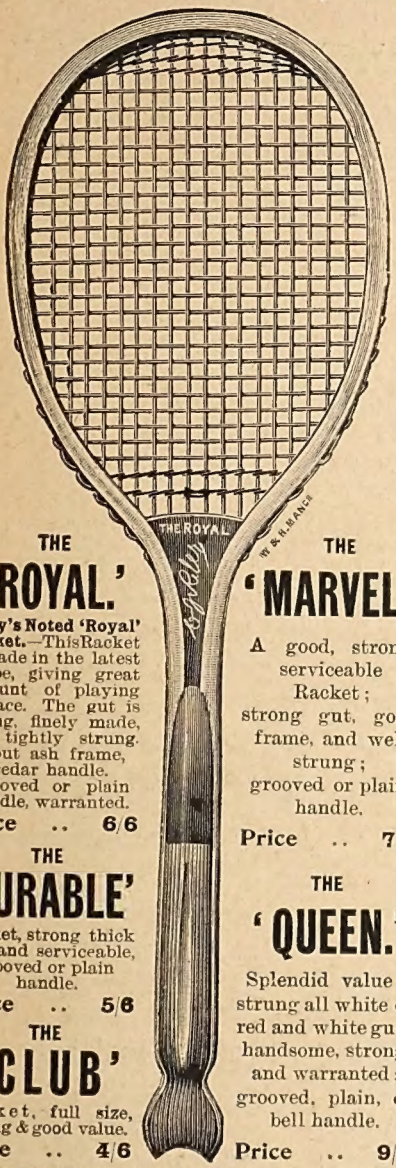
Design No. 210. 10/6

Design No. 210. 10/6

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., the London Manufacturers, 47, Golden Lane, Barbican, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

LAWN TENNIS, &c.



THE
'ROYAL.'

Riley's Noted 'Royal' Racket.—This Racket is made in the latest shape, giving great amount of playing surface. The gut is strong, finely made, and tightly strung. Stout ash frame, cedar handle. Grooved or plain handle, warranted.

Price .. 6/6

THE
'DURABLE'

Racket, strong thick gut, and serviceable, grooved or plain handle.

Price .. 5/6

THE
'CLUB'

Racket, full size, strong & good value.

Price .. 4/6

THE
'MARVEL.'

A good, strong serviceable Racket; strong gut, good frame, and well strung; grooved or plain handle.

Price .. 7/6

THE
'QUEEN.'

Splendid value; strung all white or red and white gut; handsome, strong and warranted; grooved, plain, or bell handle.

Price .. 9/6

The "1900" Racket (Cane Handle) .. **13/6**
The "Champion" Racket **12/6**
The "Chancellor" " **14/6**
The "Perfection" " (Handle made from 20 pieces of Cane; absorbs moisture; special strength in shoulder; finest gut) .. **15/6**

Send for Catalogue T, *containing*
250 PHOTOS OF TENNIS RACKETS, BALLS, NETS, &c.
CRICKET, HOCKEY, &c.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,
Willow Mills,
ACCRINGTON (England).
(All Rackets Warranted.)

Hamilton's Irish Homespuns.

If your tailor or dressmaker hesitates to make-up Irish Homespun material, we shall be pleased to make it up.

Apply for self-measurement form.

Fit and smartness guaranteed.

We guarantee that our Irish Homespuns are handspun and hand-woven from pure wool only.

Patterns free on application.

The White House,
Portrush, Ireland. Desk 9, No. 223.

Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'
Price 30/- Post Free.

A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS.

Famed Silver
HUNTING WATCH.
Price **15/-** *Post Free.*

A really handsome and highly finished Watch with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and **guaranteed for five years.** Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size, beautifully engraved in new style.

ALLISON & CO., *Jewellers,*
197, EGLINTON STREET, GLASGOW.
ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

"EASIE PHIT"
HORSE-SKIN BOOTS
ARE SMART, COMFORTABLE, DURABLE, SOFT, WATERTIGHT

Gentlemen's (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes) **10/6, 15/6, 19/6.**

Ladies' (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes, Lace or Button) **10/6** and **14/6.**

Postage, extra: Inland, 6d.; Europe, 2/6; Colonies, 3/6.
Illustrated Price List Post Free.

Send shape of foot on paper, or old boot, and a pair the exact size required will be forwarded by first post. Terms: Cash with order.

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

Write to-day to
GREENLEES & SONS
341c, Argyle St., GLASGOW,
Established 1858. **and Branches.**

Digitized by Google

"Never told a lie."

The "Washington" 14 carat Gold Keyless Watch

IS one of the finest examples of present-day horological work. The movement is highly finished, fully Jewelled, and fitted with the Latest Modern Improvements. 14 carat Gold Cases, engine turned or plain, and fitted with Crystal Glass Front.
Warranted for Seven Years.

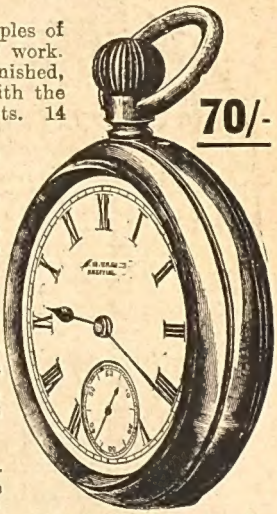
It is supplied on the first payment of 7/-, and your promise to complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount

Seven Days Free Trial is allowed, and if you are not satisfied with the watch, return it, and your deposit will be instantly repaid.

Send for J. G. Graves' Illustrated Catalogue of all the Latest Designs. Free and Carriage Paid.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

J. G. Graves, Dept. 67.



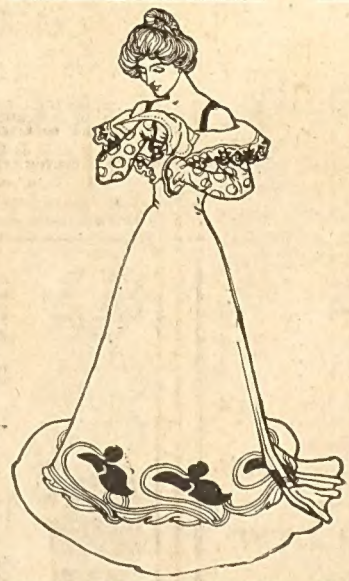
The "Washington"
14 carat Gold Keyless.
. . . £3. 10s. 0d.

Division-st., Sheffield.

CROWN VIOLET PERFUME

CROWN VIOLET PERFUME.
CROWN VIOLET PERFUME.
CROWN VIOLET PERFUME.
CROWN VIOLET PERFUME.
CROWN VIOLET PERFUME.

In Crown Stoppered Bottles Only.



A Delicious Perfume.

The Sweet & Delicate Fragrance of the Violet itself, Distilled from The Violet Gardens of the Sunny Riviera.

In Crown Stoppered Bottles Only.

OF ALL PERFUMERS, OR OF

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 112/3, FORE STREET, E.C.

Digitized by Google

For Cool, . . .
Steady Nerves.

We live in an intensely ambitious world. What wonder we break down. All of us overtax ourselves at times and have to pay the penalty by enduring Nervousness, Neuralgia, and more or less exhaustion, so that we often need Tonic treatment. Guy's Tonic tones up the System as nothing else can. It allays Nervousness and brings sound sleep. The Nerve Structures are fed and nourished from the Food you have eaten, acted upon by Guy's Tonic. It aids assimilation of the essences needed to sustain Nerve life. These properties make Guy's Tonic a remedy that will restore Exhausted Nerves to their full vigour. Guy's Tonic rapidly and surely builds up a shattered Nervous System. That is what Doctors say when ordering it for patients.

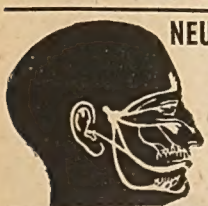
Miss ADA SMYTHE, of 125, High Street, Rushden, writes on 12th October :—

"For a long time I was suffering from "Weakness and General Debility. I had "been taking every kind of Tonic I could think "of, but all to no purpose, until my brother "advised me to try Guy's Tonic, as he had "been taking it. Guy's Tonic is the only "medicine he will take now—he has no faith "in any other. I am pleased to say that after "taking two bottles of Guy's Tonic I felt "quite well, and whenever I feel a little run-"down I just take another bottle which puts "me right again. I shall most decidedly "tell all my friends to try a bottle of Guy's "Tonic when not feeling well."

EDWIN H. STOUT, Esq., Manager of *The Review of Reviews*, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C., writes :—

"I often use Guy's Tonic myself with "advantage, and our Family Doctor frequently "prescribes it as one of the Best Tonics he "can give."

A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1/1½, is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.



NEURALGIA CURED! **Free Test Offered**

Neuralgia is a Disease of the Nerves, and most commonly attacks the nerves of the face. The annexed cut presents the nerves of the fifth branch, which are most liable to attacks of Neuralgia. All who suffer from Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, or nerve pains will be glad to know of a Simple and Speedy Remedy. The proprietors of ZOX offer to send *two free sample powders of ZOX to any Reader of* THE ROYAL MAG. *who will send a stamped addressed envelope to* ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London.

THE WORLD'S BEST BICYCLE.

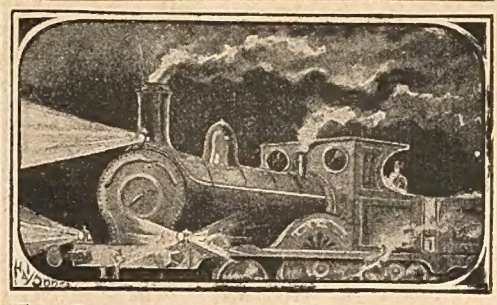
Hobart FREE WHEEL CYCLES

FROM TEN GUINEAS.

INCLUDING FREE WHEEL & RIM BRAKE.

HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY.

20 HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C., AND LEADING AGENTS



For Speed and Easy Running

The Waterman Ideal Fountain Pen

Is Well Ahead!

Here are Two Proofs of this Fact:—

1. BENNET BURLEIGH, the famous war correspondent, writes, Nov. 15, 1898:—"I have used this pen throughout the Khartoum campaign. *It is the first of the kind*—stylo or fountain—that I have found that did not dry up or 'blubber' in the desert."

2. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote:—"It works admirably. *I have given up every other pen in its favour*, and have of late done all my writing with it."

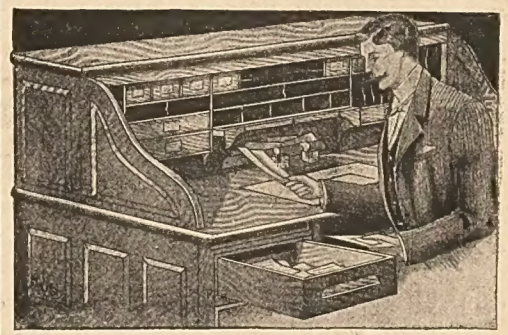
Once use a Waterman Pen and you will always use it!

FREE. Our Elegant Illustrated No. 18 Booklet, with full information on every point, free to Readers of ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Prices: 10/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/- & upwards, according to style.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 12, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

Can be supplied by Dealers generally. If any difficulty write as above.



American Derby Roll-Top Desks

are the last word in desk construction. They are the outcome of Ample Capital, Inventive Genius, and the highest Mechanical Skill. Whether for the Office, Study, Library, or Board-room, they are

The Desks Par Excellence

Elegant in appearance, strongly built, replete with handy contrivances and pigeon holes, they offer the best value to all who have any use for Roll-Top Desks.

We Guarantee Every Derby Desk!

GRATIS.—Our Fully Illustrated No. 90 Desk Catalogue free to any reader of "Royal Magazine."

Estimates furnished for Office Fittings, &c.

All goods of quality to suit the most exacting.

THOMAS TURNER (LEICESTER), LTD.,

44, Holborn Viaduct, LONDON, E.C.;

BIRMINGHAM and LEICESTER.

Digitized by Google

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

With the **CENTURY** IMPROVED

THERMAL Folding. Self-Purifying **BATH CABINET**

Sweats from the system all impure matter, giving robust health and strength, preventing and curing disease. Cures **Rheumatism,** a Hard Cold, and breaks up all symptoms of fever with one bath. Immediate relief in cases of insomnia, blood, skin, nerve, and kidney diseases. Good Health without medicine.

Reduces Surplus Flesh.

All the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath obtained at a cost of 1½d. per bath.

AGENTS WANTED, BOTH SEXES. LARGE COMMISSION.

Prices of Cabinets, complete with Heater, range from 25/- to 70/-

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.

LADIES should use the COMPLEXION STEAMER. It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh and Asthma. Cabinet complete, with Heater and Vaporizer, weighs under 20 lb. Set up heated & ready for use in five minutes

FREE sample of goods and valuable book, with Medical Testimonials to all who write. Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath.

THE L.T. CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET CO.,
Regent House, Regent St. (just below "Jay's"), London, W.

Over 70 Years' Established Reputation.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST INFANTS' FOOD.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

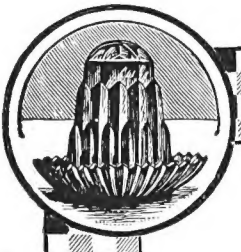
INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

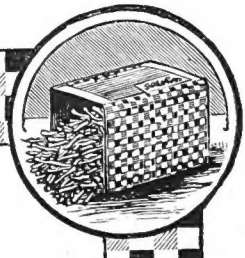
SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.,
Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

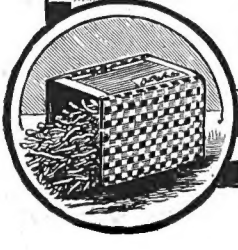


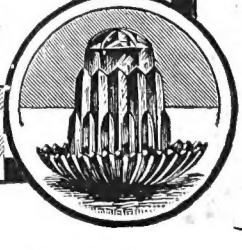


Cox's

SPARKLING

Gelatine





A GREAT MANY DELICIOUS DISHES can be prepared with this Pure and Wholesome British production. CLEAR CRYSTALLINE JELLIES, DELICIOUS BLANCMANGES, CREAMS & PUDDINGS, DELICATE SAVOURIES and INVALID DISHES.

A large RECIPE BOOK will be sent to any address on receipt of 1d. stamp to defray postage. **J. & G. COX, Ltd.** *(Edinburgh),*
Eastcheap Buildings, LONDON, E.C.

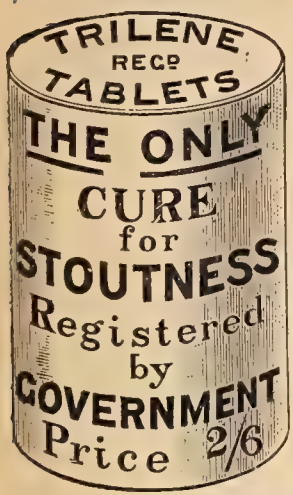
Digitized by Google

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

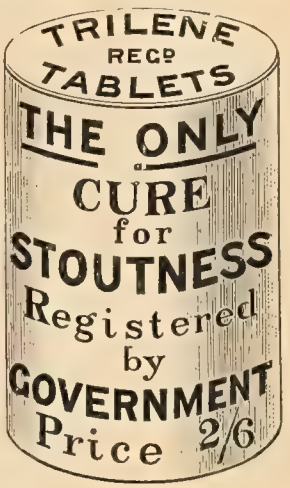


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.
"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.
"GENTLEMEN.—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.
"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. C. Alexander, 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, Wilts, writes: "Tablets have reduced me quite 28 lbs."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Google

CAMERAS

MARVELLOUS VALUE!!!

The "STAFFORD" ½-Plate CAMERA & OUTFIT

This Camera is of superior finish and best workmanship, made of selected Mahogany, with long extension Leather Bellows, Swing Back and Rising Front, Rack and Pinion Focussing, suitable for Short or Long Focus Lenses. It has all the Latest Movements, is fitted with T.P. Roller Blind Instantaneous Shutter, Rapid Rectilinear Achromatic "Iris" Lens, and Three-fold Tripod Stand with Turntable Head. This is the best value yet offered at the price.

Carriage Paid, £3 : 10 : 0, complete.

THE SCHOOLBOYS' FRIEND.

The Caledonia "Klito" Magazine Hand Camera carries 12 Quarter-Plates, or Films, which change automatically. It is fitted with "Achro" View Lens, 4 Rotating Stops, Time and Instantaneous Shutter of Four Speeds, 2 View Finders. All beautifully finished. Takes Pictures 4¼ by 3¼ in. This is a Perfect Camera. Artistic Pictures Guaranteed. No failures. **Price, 21/-.**

Write for Full Illustrated List of Cameras and Requisites to

JAMES BUNCLE, Photo Dealer,

93, Shandwick Place, EDINBURGH.

Trial Bottle, Post Free **7D.**

TO COLOUR

GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.

N. M. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 30, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition, Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/-, 1/6,** and **2/6**. Postage in each case **3d.** extra.

Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. **1/9** and **2/6** per bottle. **3d.** extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price **10/-**. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall. **5/6** pair.

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73, Camden St. (R.M.), **North Shields, England.** Foreign orders punctually attended to. **PRICE LIST POST FREE.**

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES

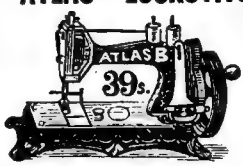
ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Enormous stock. New and second-hand. FROM **10s.** MONTHLY. Carriage paid. Free wheels and rim brakes.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE

THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE Co., Ltd.,

221, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39S.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.**, 1823, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. Mention this Magazine.

I Beg Pardon! But do you clean your

BRASS and METAL WORK with

Needham's

METAL

Polishing Paste?

There's nothing like it for quick, clean, work.

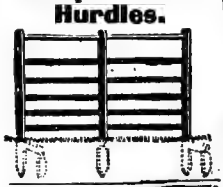
NO ACID IN IT.

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sole Manufacturers. **SHEFFIELD.**

BAYLISS JONES & BAYLISS'

IRON FENCING, &c.

Sheep & Cattle Hurdles.



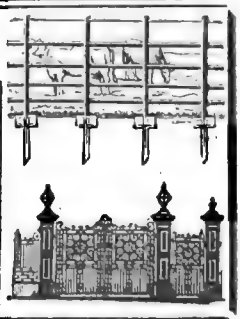
IRON WHEEL-BARROWS.

NEW PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING RAILING WITH ROUND BARS. No. 2740.

Can be fixed close up to purchaser's boundary, and saves 8 or 9 inches of land.

Also Suits rise or fall in the ground.

TREE GUARDS.



ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF ALL KINDS OF HURDLES, FENCING, GATES, &c., FREE.

VICTORIA WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON.

LONDON OFFICES AND SHOW ROOMS—139 & 141, CANNON STREET, E.C.

Digitized by Google

A LONDON CYCLIST AND DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

"Can stay and endure greater fatigue since using Vi-Cocoa."

The following is the testimonial of a London Cyclist. Mr. J. H. JEFFERSON, 11, Wincott Street, Kennington, London, S.E.

Mr. Jefferson wrote:—"Just a line in praise of the excellent Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I have been a cyclist for the last six or seven years, and I go in for racing a great deal. I started using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa some three months ago, and I find a great difference in my riding. I am now able to stay and endure greater fatigue than I did before using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. All I can say is **ALL YOU CLAIM FOR IT IS QUITE TRUE.** I shall not use any OTHER PREPARATION but yours whilst training this season."

"**Undoubted Purity and Strength.**"—*Medical Magazine.*

"**In the Front Rank of really Valuable Foods,**"—*Lancet.*

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

FAVOURED by the HOMES and HOSPITALS of GREAT BRITAIN.

Dainty Sample Tin Free to any address.

Address: Dr. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, Limited, 60, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

No. 055
ADJUSTABLE SADDLE,
15- each.
OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.
The rider may adjust the width of seat to suit himself.
MARTINS - BIRMINGHAM, LIMITED.

BEST FOR THE
SKIN & COMPLEXION
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOILET SOAP.

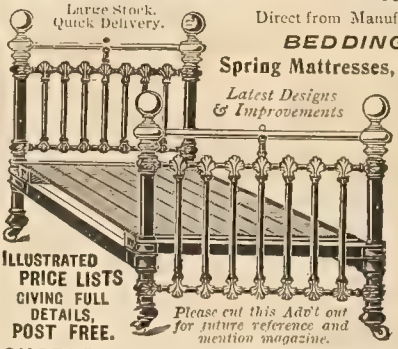
6d. Tablets. Sold everywhere.
ANTISEPTIC, EMOLLIENT, REFRESHING.
Illustrated List of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations post free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., P.O. Box 513, MANCHESTER

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4 6** and **11**-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist*, 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

BEDSTEADS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Large Stock. Quick Delivery.
Direct from Manufactory.
BEDDING,
Spring Mattresses, Cots, &c.



Latest Designs & Improvements

Carriage Paid.
Packed Free.
Discount for Cash.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS GIVING FULL DETAILS, POST FREE.

Please cut this Adv't out for future reference and mention magazine.

CHARLES RILEY, ALBERT ST., BIRMINGHAM.

MACKINTOSH'S

IS "MOREISH"—More you eat, more you want. Suits Everybody's taste. *For trade terms apply—*
J. MACKINTOSH LTD., The Toffee Kings, HALIFAX.
Can be obtained from all Branches of BOOTS *Cash Chemists,*
LARGE SAMPLE PACKET POST FREE 6d STAMPS.

Hudso

For Washing Clothes

FOX'S

NEW PATENT
SPIRAL PUTTEES
Fit Any Leg.

MADE OF ALL WOOL.

Fox's New Patent Spiral Puttees are so designed as to wind on spirally from ankle to knee, and to fit closely to the leg with even pressure without any turns or twists.

Made in TWO WEIGHTS (Heavy and Light), and in a VARIETY OF COLOURS.

SHADE CARDS ON APPLICATION.

The Heavy Weight or "Regulation" Quality is the same as originally made for Her Majesty's Government, and now supplied in large quantities by FOX BROTHERS & CO., LTD., for the use of troops on active service.

FOR ROUGH, HARD WEAR, NO LEG COVERING HAS EVER BEEN INVENTED EQUAL TO THE PUTTEE.

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees—

FOX BROTHERS & CO., LTD.

WELLINGTON, SOMERSET.

Agents, United States and Canada—

BALE & MANLEY, New York.

Without Spats,
6/- a pair,
EITHER WEIGHT.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.
In Light Weight. Extra Fine Quality.
Price 10s. per pair.

With Spats,
10/6 a pair,
EITHER WEIGHT.

Digitized by Google

son's ap

For Washing Clothes

BELLS' For DYEING of all kinds and FRENCH CLEANING.

Catalogues Free.

DYE-WORKS

15 % Discount on all Parcels sent direct by Post or Rail.

PAISLEY

HIGH-CLASS WORK AT LOW PRICES.

THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT!!

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather, with ordinary wear. Comfortable, healthful, noiseless. Miss WHITLING writes (19/8/97): "Cannot say enough about their comfort." Mr. MASON writes (21/6/98): "*Got a pair three years ago, and have worn them every day since.*"

Inclose Length of Walking Shoe.

Colour White, Brown, or Black—	Prices—post free Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/-
D. Superior Canvas (as per Illustration) ..	—	2/6	2/9
E. Velvet Uppers (Black)	—	3/-	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/-	1/3	1/6
Leather Solid Shoes (Superior)	3/6	4/-	4/9

Off 3 pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.

N.B.—Post free United Kingdom, abroad extra.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath St., Glasgow.

Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.

PNEUMATIC CYCLE BRAKES

Over 150,000 Sold.

PRICES { Rim Brake **20/-**
Tyre Brake **14/-**
Tandem Brake .. **28/-**

All Post Free. If not satisfied on receipt, money returned.

Full Particulars and Postal Orders to

THE PNEUMATIC BRAKE CO., LTD.,
1, Egerton St., Salford, Manchester.

TWO SHIRTS for the Price of ONE.

Improved White Shirts

(UNLAUNDRIED)

WITH REVERSIBLE CUFFS.

The reversible cuffs of these Shirts enable them to be worn **TWICE**, and the wearer thus obtains practically two shirts for the price of one. The laundry bill is reduced by one half, and the less frequent washing prolongs the life of the shirt. It is in every way a "perfect" shirt and fits without a crease. Sheaths the wrists with comfort, adds a grace to the hands, and looks the very perfection of neatness and smartness. Made only in one quality—the best, at one price—the lowest, **3/11.** In ordering please state size of collar. Sample Shirt, 3/11, post free; ½-dozen, 11/6 post free; ½ dozen, 22/6 post free.

FREE Booklet and Price List of "Improved" and other Shirts post free on request.

HOWITSON & EARSMAN, Shirt Makers,
3, Ranelagh Place, Liverpool.

SIX GOLD MEDALS

New Zealand, 1882; Calcutta, 1884; London, 1885; New Orleans, 1885; Southern States, 1886.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

OVER HALF-A-CENTURY'S unrivalled and universal reputation as the *Best* and *Safest* Article for cleaning Silver and Electro-Plate. Sold in Boxes, **1s., 2s. 6d.**, and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

Google

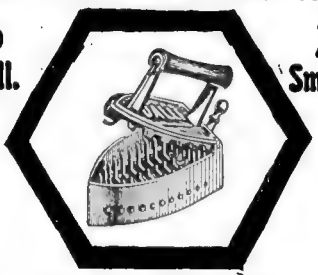
C. BRANDAUER & CO.'S
Circular-Pointed Pens.

EVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

IRON YOUR LINEN WITHOUT FIRE

No Smell. No Smoke.



WITH THE SELF-HEATING

"DALLI" BOX IRON

The most perfect Ironer for household use. By using the "DALLI" and the smokeless and odourless "DALLI FUEL," all trouble of heating the Irons and keeping large fires is avoided. The "DALLI" is always perfectly clean, easy to handle, and always ready for use in a few minutes. *Instructions for use with each Iron.*

The cost of Ironing is less than ½d. per hour.
The price of "The Dalli" is 6/-.
The price of "The Dalli Fuel" is 1/9 per 5 lb. Box of 128 Blocks.

Thousands of these Irons selling on the Continent.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

To be obtained from all Ironmongers and Domestic Machinery Stores. If any difficulty, apply to—

THE "DALLI" SMOKELESS FUEL Co.,
27, Milton Street, LONDON, E.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER
BELFAST, and
164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Samples Post Free.

BORDERED.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' ... ... 2/3 „
Gents' ... ... 3/3 „

HEMSTITCHED
Ladies'... ... 2/9 per doz.
Gents' ... ... 3/11 „

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.
Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Ladies', from 3/6 per doz.
Gents', 4-fold, 4/11 „
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long-cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35/6 the ½-doz. (to measure, 2/- extra.)

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each. 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yd.

Roller Towelling, 3d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, 4/9 per doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

A PURE MANUFACTURE OF 50 YEARS STANDING

BORWICK'S
5 GOLD MEDALS
FOR MAKING DELICIOUS BREAD, CAKES, PUDDINGS & PASTRY
BAKING POWDER

MACONOCHIE'S
Dainty Foods ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

. . SPECIALLY FOR INVALIDS. . .
MACONOCHIE'S ESSENCE OF BEEF.
MACONOCHIE'S JULIENNE SOUP. Prepared from the formula of one of the finest Chefs of the day.
Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.
For Breakfast or Tea— PÂTÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.
TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PÂTÉ, POST FREE, 6d.
MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1900.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER designed by Crow.		
"BIRKENHEAD'S SWORD HAD CUT DOWN THE BOER" ... ... *Frontispiece* From a Drawing by E. F. Skinner.		
THE ART OF THE CAMERA ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	RODERICK GREY	99
PEDRO DE SOTO, GUITAR PLAYER. A Complete Story Illustrated by R. Pannett.	VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH	106
A ONE-MAN NEWSPAPER... ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	H. J. HOLMES	112
BLUFF. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by J. Barnard Davies.	M. McD. BODKIN, Q.C.	115
HOW PRETORIA WILL BE BESIEGED ... ... Illustrated with Photographs and Military Sketches.	CHARLES RAY	125
A COMEDY OF ERRORS. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Harold Copping.	FRANCES PREEDY	132
EATING THE SUN. The Queer Side of Eclipses ... ... Illustrated with Drawings by C. Lawson Wood.	HECTOR GRAINGER	138
THE MALEDICTION. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.	RAFAEL SABATINI	141
CECIL RHODES AND HIS CURIOSITIES ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	Rev. C. TEMPLE	148
BIRKENHEAD. A Complete Story... ... ... Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	EDWARD NOBLE	151
HOISTING THE PENNANT. Being the First of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run" ... ... Illustrated with Photographs.	ARCHIBALD S. HURD	157
FORBIDDEN FRUIT. A Complete Story ... ... Illustrated by Malcolm Patterson.	MABEL H. ROBINS	162
A KAFFIR WEDDING ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		168
WHERE BRITISH BATTLES HAVE BEEN FOUGHT ... ... Illustrated by J. S. Smith.	P. W. EVERETT	169
THE WOMAN OF DEATH. A Serial Story ... ... Illustrated by Victor Prout.	GUY BOOTHBY	173
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY ... ... Illustrated with Stereoscopic Slides.		182
GAZING AHEAD ... ... Illustrated with a Photograph.		184

The Photographs of Howitzers published on pages 530 and 533 of our April issue were by Messrs. Gregory & Co, of the Strand, London, W.C.

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/- ; third six months, 4/-, post free, 4/6

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL

MILK-CHOCOLATE

THE MOST NOURISHING AND DELICIOUS SWEETMEAT IN THE WORLD.

NO IMITATION HAS THE CHARM OF PETER'S.

In Tablets and 6d. and 1s. Croquettes. Sold Everywhere.

Sole Agents (trade only), S. J. MACKENZIE & Co., Ltd., Wellcose Sq., London.

SOUTOUMA

PRONOUNCED SOO-TOOMA

This delicious Caramel Sweetmeat is made from the finest Pure Rich Milk and other choice ingredients, and is therefore most nourishing and sustaining. It has a rich and delicate flavour, and is absolutely pure.

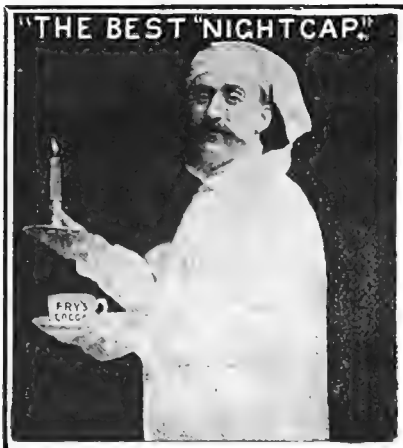
Sold everywhere, 1d., 3d. & 6d.

Wholesale, S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd., London.

THE FAMOUS SWEET

OF ALL CONFECTIONERS AND GROCERS.

Google



"No Better Food."
—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa.

"Strongest & Best."
—Health.

300 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

CAUTION.—*Refuse Substitutes which are frequently pushed to secure additional profit. Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa is sold only in tins with Gilt Tops.*

A WONDERFUL INVENTION
FOR THE
LAME.

DIPLOMA for GOLD MEDAL, Victorian Era Exhibition, 1897; also HIGHEST AWARDS, Paris Industrial Exhibition, 1895; and Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

The O'Connor Extension Co.'s Patent Appliances

Enable those with Shortened Limbs and Weak Ankles to dispense with Unsightly Instruments; to Wear Ordinary Shoes; and to look like other people.

Address—**THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.,**
2, BLOOMSBURY ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.
Pamphlet Free on mentioning the "Royal Magazine."

BENGER'S

FOOD FOR INFANTS,
INVALIDS and the AGED.
Delicious, Nutritive, and Digestible.

GOLD MEDAL,
HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON.

Benger's Food is not only highly nutritious, but is most easily digested, and is so delicious that it is enjoyed by the youngest Infant or the most delicate Invalid.

Benger's Food is sold in TINS by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

BIRKENHEAD'S SWORD HAD CUT DOWN THE BOER, WHO COLLAPSED LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS.

(See page 156.)

Google

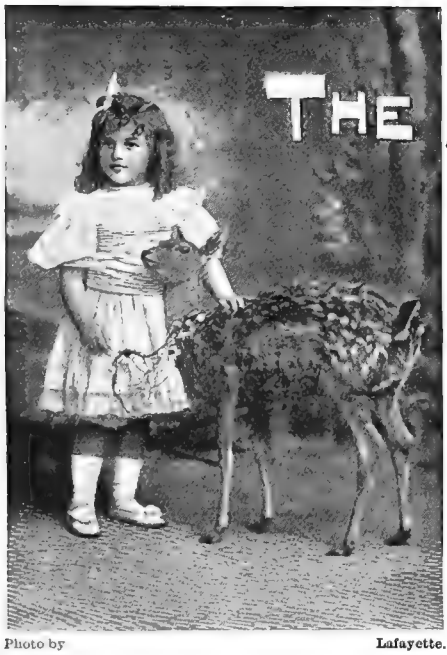


Photo by Lafayette.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

By Roderick Grey.

Greetings. After the usual interval, I once again take up the threads of my discourse. Not but what I have some hesitation. For the fact is, that there are severe limitations in such notes as these.

It is not exactly that there is insufficient about which to write. I suppose, as long as the world goes on, there will always be something to write about. But photography is my main theme, and to photography I must stick pretty closely.

All the same, I shall wander now and then. I shall, as it were, stick rather to the camera than to the dark room. Of course, one has to get into the dark room occasionally. I feel one is apt to become—one almost must become—horribly technical when dealing with the dark room phase of photography.

"Shop." Now, I am nothing if I am technical. (I do hope the printer's reader will abstain from inserting a "not" in that sentence.) I have no desire and no intention of being technical. I feel I want to be of some use to the ordinary everyday amateur photographer.

We all know that, say what you will, there is a great deal of pleasure in talking "shop." A keen fisherman loves to talk fishing; an ardent rider revels in a recital of splendid runs and sensational jumps; an enthusiastic photographer is always ready to sit up half the night talking photography.

Therefore the Art of the Camera will be a big monthly chat between your humble scribe and one and all of his readers who will talk with him, or rather write to him. It will, of course, be a lengthy sort of conversation, because not only must it be by post, but I have to write some while in advance,

Copyright Stereo-Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

H.M.S. *Niobe*. Three Cheers for the Naval Brigade.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google

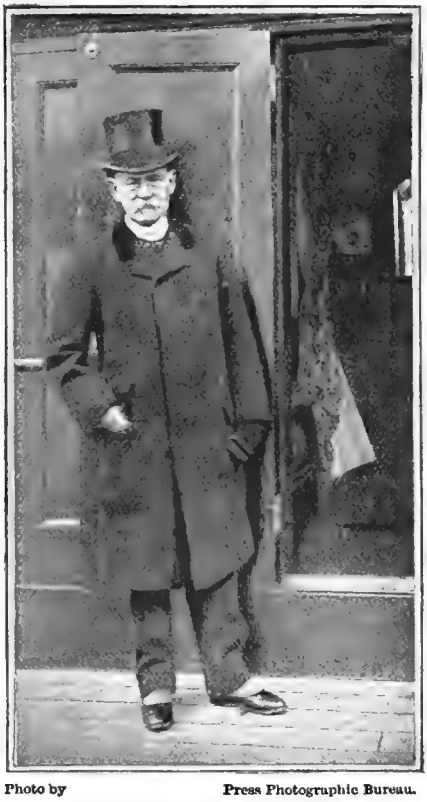


Photo by Press Photographic Bureau.

Lord Roberts Outside his Cabin Door, *en route* for South Africa.

and any remark I make in this number can only be discussed a month or so later.

Many Inventions. You see I have some advantages, or rather I intend to try and take advantage of some of my advantages. The average person hears of a new camera or a new development in photography. If he can afford to risk money in an experiment he can test the new fangled affair for himself.

But suppose he has not? Well, there's where I can come in. Heaven forbid my suggesting that I could afford to buy and try all the new things that come out. But just because I write for thousands and thousands of readers, I can get things sent me to try.

That sounds like giving people cheap advertisements. Yet it is not for this reason I write. I'm not going to recommend anything I think unworthy of recommendation.

Some Aims and Objects. That might seem to suggest a remarkable standard of virtue. Yet once again appearances are deceptive. It does not matter a twopenny-bit to me whether I commend or condemn. But what does matter to me is that people will soon find out by experience that if I say a thing is worth buying it is worth buying.

Mine is a position of trust. I write to interest my readers to the best of my ability, and also to tell them of the existence of anything to be bought which I know they would like to buy. As to condemning — well, I shall simply say that for my part I do not recommend the article or invention. I shall give my reasons, so that any of my readers who disagree with me may not be prevented from trying for themselves. It means a responsibility, but thank goodness the proprietors of this magazine are never frightened of that. They want it to be of some use as well as amusing and interesting.

Photo by F. Ollo.

At the Pump.

Google

Photo by Bender & Co.

"WILL THE KIND LADY REMEMBER ME."

Google

Snapshotting the Boers.

About a month ago the War Office despatched, better late than never, a small party of tele-photograpers to South Africa. Experience seems to have taught the War Office much, for, wonderful to relate, this small party was most perfectly equipped with the newest and best of everything necessary to the work they had been given to do. Their duties are many, the most particular being to furnish pictures of important positions for the information of the Intelligence Department.

The whole photographic outfit is compact, and specially adapted for field purposes. It consists of one large tele-photographic camera, capable of taking anything within a range of three miles, a smaller camera, and a number of pocket snapshooters for close work.

The printing waggon is elaborately fitted out with all the necessaries, including a dark room and a gallery for the collection of plates.

Photo by Madame Lallie, Regent's Park.

An English Beauty.

Soldier, Hunter, and Photographer.

Captain Thorneycroft, of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers, is one of the most skilful photographic artists in the army. Besides photography Captain Thorneycroft has many other accomplishments; he is the life and soul of his mess and garrisons, the organiser of their theatricals and various amusements—he, by the way, was the inventor of that ingenious and artistic Japanese game called the "Animal Game"—and a famous hunter in all parts of the world. On these expeditions he invariably carries a camera, and his collection of photographs is said to be unique.

His most remarkable success with the kodak was a snapshot of a huge tiger he had just wounded. The beast is shown lying couchant in his native jungle, and looking fiercely at, but unable to turn upon his antagonist. The picture is said to be one of the most wonderful of animal life ever taken.

Photographing Flowers.

Roughly speaking, one only finds floral photography in seedsmen's catalogues. I confess that, as a rule, the results are scarcely artistic. More is the pity, although there may be some reason for the fact. After all, their main object is to illustrate the exact appearance of the flower. Each picture is a sort of petal-by-petal plan of the plant.

Really artistic floral photography is very fascinating. It is, too, so well within the range of every amateur, and is such a limitless

Google

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

INSEPARABLES.

Google

Photo by C. F. Inston.

The Bookworm.

field. There are many who cannot afford the time necessary to tramp round and find pretty spots. To such a spray of apple-blossom or a bramble-branch will afford a most delightful subject.

The cardinal feature of a floral arrangement should be simplicity. Try to keep, as far as possible, to Nature herself. Apart from that, keep in mind some of the triumphs of Japanese floral decoration. It is not, perhaps, properly within the scope of the Art of the Camera to enter into a disquisition on the subject of Japanese art in floral decoration. As every one of my readers I have no doubt knows, the ruling idea of the Japanese art is rigid simplicity. There are almost invariably three straight lines, one dominating, the other two subsidiary.

What is true of vase decoration is true in photography. Don't overcrowd your picture, and never mix up wild flowers with garden ones. You must, too, be prompt in your manipulation, as otherwise the cuttings wither.

Of course, the simpler the flower the easier to photograph. A marguerite, a single camellia, an arum lily, a simple dahlia are

Photo by Cecilia Morse.

Tea *à la Japon.*

Google

Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

A Glimpse of Monastic Life.

flowers favoured of the photographer, and generally turn out successfully. Ordinary virgin lilies also make very artistic pictures especially against a dark background.

For background use a piece of dark red brown or terra-cotta cloth stretched on a frame. It will want backing to obviate anything approaching transparency.

Having arranged your study take your picture in a well diffused light, northern for preference. The light ought not, in fact, to be too strong, otherwise you will get hard lights and awkward shadows.

Altogether I venture to prophesy that such of my readers as give it a trial will find floral photography very interesting.

Digitized by Google

PEDRO DE SOTO

GUITAR PLAYER

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

I.

I often wonder if I should ever have heard Geoffrey Drake's extraordinary story if it had not been for my old Spanish guitar. He was such a very reserved man, and so little given to talking about himself that I rather doubt it. I picked him up abroad, in a little hotel in the Ardennes, where he and his wife were staying. They were both middle-aged, he a man of about fifty, and she several years his junior. I gathered that he had been a mining engineer in one of the numerous South American Republics, and that his wife was partly of Spanish descent.

We exchanged cards, and when he called on me in England some months afterwards, I took him into my study for a smoke. Hanging on my study wall was my old guitar, an instrument I had bought in Spain. I noticed him glance towards it once or twice, and presently, as we chatted, I took it down from its peg and began strumming on it casually.

Drake's face instantly turned to an ashen grey.

"Excuse me," he said, "but do you mind not doing that?"

"Ah," I replied, "I forgot you had lived among Spaniards, and that my unlearned twanging might possibly jar upon you."

"It's not that," he said—"only I hate the sound of a Spanish guitar."

"Really? I should have thought, now, that you would have liked it."

"I'm rather a nervous man at times," he said, with a half laugh, "and the sound of a guitar always reminds me of a terrible experience I once went through, an experience that even now makes me shudder—for a score or so of years have not altogether effaced it."

"Indeed!" said I, "and would it be out of the way to ask what this experience was?"

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you, though it's not a very pleasant tale."

And this is how it was that I came to know the following singular history, which I will give, as far as possible, in Geoffrey Drake's own words.

II.

If you know anything of South America you have probably heard of Puerto de Rioja, an important seaport town lying on the Atlantic coast not far from some of the oldest silver mines of the country. It was at Rioja that I made the acquaintance, as a young man, of two persons who were destined to play a part in my life.

The first of these was the Senorita Heatherton, as she was called. Her father, Mr. Heatherton, was an Englishman, a shipping merchant and agent, well known along that coast. He had married a beautiful Spanish lady, who had died after presenting him with a daughter. Inez was idolized by her father, who brought her up with the freedom of an English girl, rather than consign her to the seclusion of her chamber and the protection of duennas. At the time of which I am writing she was a lovely girl of about nineteen, inheriting all the grace and stateliness of her mother, and the vivacity and freshness, which, after all said and done, are the especial heirlooms of English women.

I was in love with her, I need scarcely tell you. My work took me a great deal to the mines, some twenty miles inland, but I managed, nevertheless, to pay frequent

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Google

visits to Rioja. I was heartily welcomed at Mr. Heatherton's house, and I soon began to see that his daughter Inez was not indifferent to my visits.

The second of the two persons of whom I spoke was a man who requires the subtle skill of a master of human nature to depict. Pedro de Soto, an aristocratic Spaniard, with the bluest of blue blood in his veins, was, to look at, a very striking individual. Below the middle height, with delicately moulded limbs and perfect hands, he possessed a countenance that a painter would have raved over. Thin eyebrows of the blackest tint, arched perfectly on his high, intellectual looking forehead, a forehead without a single wrinkle upon it; a small moustache and little pointed beard only half concealed a mouth of rare beauty, with perfectly shaped thin lips. A kind of sad smile seemed to play over the whole face of the man, his voice was low and melodious, his charm of manner exquisite, and *yet* there was something about Pedro de Soto, an indescribable something, that made one long, but in vain, to prove him absolutely repulsive.

Among other accomplishments he played his native instrument—the guitar—with a master hand. No one who has not heard the soul of the six strings moved by a Spaniard himself could understand the power that the music of the guitar exercises, especially when accompanied by a beautiful voice such as De Soto possessed. The mad, jealous love of the Spaniard, his best and his worst passions are fanned into flame by the touch of delicate hands sweeping over the guitar strings. The colour flies to the warm cheek of the Spanish girl as she hears the passionate strains beneath her window.

Oh, well, I don't mind telling you, though it's not a very pleasant tale.

Pedro de Soto, who owned a *hacienda* just outside Rioja, was also a visitor at Mr. Heatherton's, and Inez well knew that the songs he sang with the accompaniment of his guitar, were meant for her ears in more senses than one.

One night—I remember it well—the moon was shining over the broad Atlantic as we sat on the balcony overlooking the port—De

Google

Soto had brought his guitar round to Mr. Heatherton's and we were listening, spell-bound, whilst he sang a song of passionate love, in soft, thrilling tones. Ever and anon, his eyes, sparkling with the fire of his song, rested upon the face of Inez Heatherton, but I noticed that she studiously avoided his gaze, and now and again threw a half-glance in the direction of myself.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, he stopped short in his song, and struck a few chords with that peculiar "rasp" movement attained by using the backs of the finger nails; then, after a harsh, almost discordant prelude, he broke forth into a mad battle song, breathing the very spirit of Spanish hatred and revenge. Although a taller and a much stronger man than himself, I confess I felt strangely fearful of him, as his black eyes, fixed on mine, shone in the moonlight.

As soon as he had finished he sprang to his feet.

"*Buenas noches*, Señores — *buenas noches*, Señorita," he said, with a bow to each of us.

"What, going already, De Soto?" remarked Mr. Heatherton. "Why, it's quite early yet."

"Not to me," said the Spaniard, with a faint smile, "it is rather late—too late. The night may be 'young' as you English call it, but I am tired of it," I heard him murmur beneath his breath, and without another word he had glided from the balcony.

The same night I knew my fate, and a sweet fate it was to be loved by Inez Heatherton. As we stood, hand in hand on the balcony, before we went to break the news to her father, who had retired to write some letters, I thought the world might well envy me.

"Geoffrey," she said timidly, for she had not yet been accustomed to speak the word, "I am afraid — strangely afraid of something."

"What is it, dearest?" I asked.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I do not like that man Pedro de Soto."

"Afraid of him? A miserable little fellow that I could thrash with a finger, a——"

"Listen, dear. I want to tell you something about him. Yesterday evening, he did what you have done to-night—he proposed to me, Geoffrey."

"And you did what you have *not* done to-night, dear—you refused him?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes, of course I did," she said. "But, O, Geoffrey, it made him so angry, he didn't fly into a passion, but he spoke with that peculiar low tone of his that he used just now in saying good-night. And he asked me if—if I loved any one else."

"And what did you say, Inez?"

"Geoffrey," she said timidly, "I am afraid, strangely afraid of something."

Digitized by Google

She looked up into my face with a sweet smile.

"I couldn't tell him I didn't, dear! I didn't say who it was—but I'm sure he guessed —I saw it by the way he looked at you to-night when he suddenly changed that song. Do you know, Geoffrey, I *hate* that guitar of his now, it seems to me like the purring of a tiger when he's ready to spring. Don't trust him, Geoffrey, and for my sake, dear, beware of him."

I laughed at her fears and tried to make her forget them in our new happiness. Pedro de Soto, I told her, was nought to us.

III.

Some weeks afterwards I met him, met De Soto late in the evening as I was leaving Mr. Heatherton's House. He came up to me in the street with that soft, charming manner of his, and accosted me with a smile.

"Good evening, señor," he said, "I am pleased to see you. You must not forsake old friends in your newly found happiness."

"Ah, De Soto," I replied, "such happinesss only makes one the more kind to one's friends—or even to one's rivals."

"I hope you do not include me among the latter?"

I trust I *do* include you among the former!"

"Certainly; but come, let us walk together. It is early yet. Whither are you bound, señor?"

"To my hotel."

"Ah, spare me an hour and pay me a visit. Señor Drake."

"With pleasure. Are you still in the same place?"

"No, my friend. I have invested in a little villa just outside the town. Come and see it."

So he led me away to the slope of the hills that rose inland just above the little town. The air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers, the way was dark with the shadow of foliage.

At length we entered a garden, and wended our way along a narrow terrace till a white building stood before us.

"Aha," said the Spaniard, as he opened the door, "the naughty servants! I remember, there is a *fête* to-night. So they have forsaken me. Never mind."

He struck a match and lit a lamp.

"Come," he said, "my retreat is upstairs. You are very welcome, señor."

And he showed me into a rather large room, setting the lamp on the table as he did so. It was rather barely furnished, I thought, as I looked around. A table in the centre of the room with some bulky objects upon it covered with a cloth; a couple of basket lounge chairs, and one or two others; a small table on one side with some fruit and decanters upon it, and a guitar hanging on one of the walls. Immediately above the centre table was apparently a skylight in the roof, while over one of the walls there hung a dark, heavy curtain.

"Be seated!" said my companion as he offered me some refreshment. "Ah, you will smoke, I see!" he added, as I drew a cigarette from my case. "You shall try one of mine afterwards."

He took down his guitar and sat opposite me, listlessly sweeping the strings every now and then. From ordinary channels the conversation presently turned to history and the hidalgoes of Spain.

"The De Sotos are a very old family, I believe," said I.

"Yes, and one of them had something to do with the history of your own country, señor," he replied.

"Really?"

"It is true. A Dominican monk named Pedro de Soto went over to England with the Philip who married your Queen Mary. Do you know why he went?"

"Why?"

"He was one of the ruling powers of the Inquisition. He went to help establish, together with others, the Holy Office in England. And the burning of what you term your martyrs was the result."

I shuddered.

"The Inquisition was a terrible thing," I said.

"It was a thing of power, señor. And like all things of power, it did its work surely and completely. They tell me I resemble that same namesake of mine!"

He smiled at me. One of those strange, haunting smiles.

"Surely," I said, "the face of a man who did such devil's work as that would be sterner than yours!"

"You call it devil's work, señor. It was done in the name of God, but even if it were devil's work, you should remember that the devil's smile is worse than his frown. Yes! the torture of those on whom the Holy office brought its hatred to bear was joy to the Inquisitor. He sat, señor, in the bowels of the earth—in the deepest dungeons—in all the full knowledge of his *power*. It may have been the hatred of the priest, it may have been the hatred of personal revenge, but when he heard the shrieks of his victims

Digitized by Google

on the rack, it was music to him—yes, music! No doubt Pedro de Soto, the Dominican monk, enjoyed his work for more reasons than one. But away with such gruesome subjects. Try a cigarette, senor, while I sing to you."

I took the short, thick, Brazilian cigarette, wrapped in corn-husk paper, that he offered me, and then, as I lit it, he struck the chords of his instrument and commenced to sing a soft, sweet song, a dreamy melody that was impossible to describe. I sat puffing at my cigarette, drinking in the music, and dreaming—dreaming. Brazilian cigarettes are strong and sedative at the best of times, but this seemed more soothing than I had ever known.——And so—so—I fell asleep—under the spell of music, *and something more.*

IV.

It was the tinkle of the guitar that woke me. There sat the Spaniard, playing as before, but with a different sort of smile upon his face—the evil smile of an ungodly triumph. I felt strangely stiff, I was no more seated in the easy chair, my position had changed. I was sitting upright, close to the wall where the curtain had hung, with my back to it. The first thing I felt was a choking sensation in my neck. I involuntarily reached my head forward—the strain tightened—something was holding my neck! My hands were behind me. I tried to move my arms. Horror! My wrists, too, were fastened to the wall. Gradually the whole thing dawned upon me. My feet were fastened down to the chair, and my hands and neck were chained to the wall. I could not move!

"Allow me to explain," said De Soto, in his rich, thrilling voice. "The cigarette was drugged. I could not have ventured a tussle with a strong man like yourself, so I brought the wily ways of the Inquisition to bear upon you."

"What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?" I gasped.

"It was a little trap, señor. The curtain hid the chains, which are fastened by staples in the wall. I had only to lift you into that chair, slip your wrists through the handcuffs, lock the collar round your neck with a padlock, and secure your feet. Is it not worthy of the Holy Office, señor?"

"You scoundrel——" I began.

"Stop," said the Spaniard, "you haven't grasped it all yet, I think. Look on the table."

I turned my eyes to the table just in front of me. The covering had been removed, and there stood revealed a small brass cannon, about two feet in length, such as is used on a yacht or similar vessel, pointed straight at my chest. Above this cannon, in a frame, and immediately beneath the now open skylight, was fixed a large magnifying glass.

"I will make it clear to you," went on De Soto. "That glass is so arranged that precisely at mid-day the focus will fall on the touch-hole, and the concentrated rays of the sun will fire the cannon. And you—well, señor, you will have ample opportunity of testing the reality or non-reality of that great matter for speculation—the Future State!"

To describe the horror that fell upon me is impossible. I tried to speak, but my tongue refused. The incarnation of cruelty went on.

"It is perfectly thought out, I assure you. I have been at pains to make the little tragedy a complete success. Of course you guess the motive of it. You are my rival. A Spaniard loves—*I* loved the Señorita Inez. —A Spaniard hates—I hate you both—you for supplanting me; the señora for rejecting me. A Spaniard revenges himself—Well! this place is isolated. No one will come near however loudly you cry. It is the fine season of the year. No friendly cloud will cover the face of the sun when mid-day comes—and then——!"

I looked at him but said never a word.

"You do not answer, señor? Well! Let me explain further. My little revenge is going to fall upon you both. *You* shall die. The señorita shall live. I sail from Puerta de Rioja in a couple of hours, but I shall make arrangements for a letter to fall into the señorita's hands *after* twelve o'clock, asking her to come here. And she will find a pleasant surprise, eh?"

"You incarnate fiend!" I cried.

"Possibly. I have no doubt the Inquisitor Pedro de Soto was often called that. But I really don't mind, señor, the curses of a heretic—and a prisoner! Now I will write the letter. Have you any message to send?"

He sat down and deliberately wrote and sealed up a letter, putting a stamp on it.

"If I post this before I sail," he said, "she will get it by the two o'clock delivery. And now I will sing you one more song."

And he did. A song of triumph and revenge. I can see the wretch now, his supple fingers wandering over the strings and his eyes burning with hate.

"It's two o'clock now," he said when he had finished, "So you'll have ten hours.

Google

When the first gleam of daylight enters this room it announces your doom. As the sun rises higher that doom approaches. And then you will see his rays pouring through the skylight—falling upon the glass—until—! Ah, it's worthy of the Inquisition, eh? Stop —I ll fix your watch on the table before you, so that you can see how the time goes. So! Farewell, Señor Drake."

And, bowing low to me, he went out of the room, and left me alone in my horror.

Now that he was gone the awful terror of the thing overwhelmed me, and at first I burst forth into passionate sobbing, and tried to wrench myself free. It was no use. The cruel irons caught at my wrist and neck and held me in a vice. He had left the lamp burning close to the cannon. I tried to see if I could twist my body out of the line of fire. No! He had calculated it all too well.

* *

One by one the hours went by. Eight, nine, ten o'clock came. It was eternity of torment to me. My mind was strained to terrible tension, so much so that I scarce heeded my bodily sufferings.

Eleven o'clock! The sun's rays were falling on the lens now, and I could see the bright, semi-focus on the table, beside the cannon. One more hour!

I was calmer now. Death was so near, and I was trying to prepare for it. I closed my eyes and prayed.

A quarter past eleven! The bright spot was travelling over the table and getting nearer the cannon. Was it my fancy? *but* it seemed less bright—the room seemed less bright.

Half past eleven! Surely the room seemed dimmer. It could not be fancy.

A quarter to twelve—

It *was* growing darker—what was it?

Ah, I knew now—I remembered. On this very day an eclipse of the sun was to take place. Pedro de Soto, had reckoned against those laws of God's universe which he was powerless to frustrate.

But would the sun be shadowed in time? I saw the minute hand of my watch whirling round — it had surely never moved so fast, and I looked anxiously at that little spot of light.

Ten minutes to twelve.

The room was growing darker still.

Five minutes.

The spot of light had disappeared — I was saved!

* *

I must have fainted. I know when I began to think again it was half-past two, and the room was bathed in sunshine once more. But the fatal speck of light had never fallen upon the powder—and then, oh, the joy it was. I heard someone enter the house, and a pair of soft arms were thrown round me, while Mr. Heatherton uttered congratulations on my escape.

I can see the wretch now, his supple fingers wandering over the strings, his eyes burning with hate.

Digitized by Google

By H. J. Holmes.

Photos by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Statistics tell us that there are nearly twenty thousand Italians domiciled in the United Kingdom. This is sufficient excuse for the existence of the *Londra-Roma*, the recognised organ of the Italian public, a journal which is printed and published in London under, what I think I am right in holding to be, unique circumstances. It is entirely the production of the brains and labour of one man, to wit, Professor Pietro Rava, a native of the town of Tunis, which, as some of our readers may be aware, is in Northern Italy.

Fourteen years ago, Professor Rava, then a very young man, came to England, after the death of his parents, hoping to better his position. He had been a teacher of French, holding a diploma from the Italian Government in a college at Tunis, but a friend, resident in this country, advised him to try London. So the Professor procured an appointment as correspondent to one of Italy's leading newspapers, and duly came to dwell in London, where he settled down as a teacher of the French and Italian languages. He was not very long in discovering the extent of the Italian colony in London, and conceived the idea that the interests of his fellow-countrymen could be served by the publication of a newspaper which would be devoted to the cause of Italians in Great Britain. He could not fail to see that many countrymen of his were hindered in their business transactions owing to their ignorance of current affairs, and he resolved to bring about a change for the better.

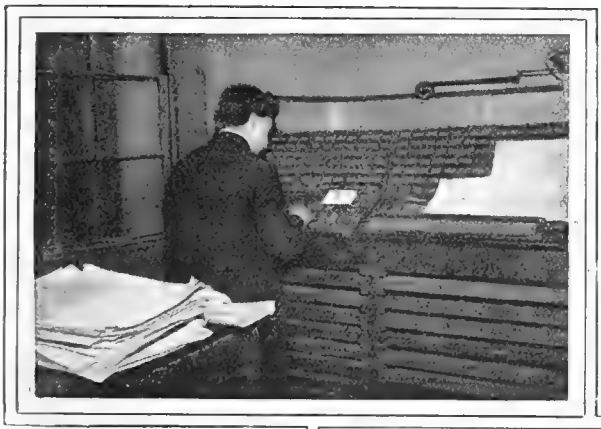
The *Londra-Roma* was started in the early part of 1888, immediately preceding the opening of the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court, and it has been published every week since then.

This unique journal consists of four sheets of closely-printed matter, and contains probably about seventeen thousand words weekly. Every Italian in England who can read rarely fails to go through it carefully, for it must be remembered that aliens are always anxious to know what is happening in their little world.

Therefore, the Professor, in his capacity as staff of contributors, sub-editor, editor, compositor, proof-reader, printer, manager, publisher, and advertisement canvasser, together

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google



Professor Rava sets up the type of his newspaper.

with the responsibilities of proprietorship, finds it no sinecure to produce the paper with unfailing regularity, and to get it circulated throughout the country every Saturday morning. Those who are acquainted with the devious paths of journalism are easily enabled to grasp the difficulty of such a feat as the Professor accomplishes every week of his life. And it is done as a labour of love, the *Londra-Roma* being not quite so good a property as certain well-known London weeklies. It is, indeed, very remarkable that with such demands upon his time, Professor Rava manages to keep up his teaching and Italian correspondence all the while.

How is it done?

Well, Professor Rava's work begins early in the morning, and very early in the week. For the chief part of three days he sits at his desk at 6, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, preparing the "copy"—as we call MS.—which he will have the pleasure of setting up in movable type later on in the week. The Professor writes absolutely everything. Sitting in the lonely room which forms the editorial sanctum, he turns out, with speedy pen, the incisive leader, the light leaderette, the lugubrious law report, cut and extra-dry commercial intelligence, slashing theatrical criticisms, book reviews, and the common or Spring-garden County Council par.—in fact, the work of a large editorial staff is cheerfully accomplished under circumstances which would probably send the average Fleet Street journalist on a straight line for Colney Hatch.

Then he prints the paper.

This done, Professor Rava becomes a compositor, and descends to the composing room, where there is every requisite for the purpose of turning yards of "copy" into lines of type. Having seen this part of the performance, the writer can vouch for the wonderful nimbleness of the Professor's fingers, as, with unfailing precision, they travel rapidly between the case of type and the "stick" that holds the single letters until they form words, and the set line is transferred to the "galley," where lines become a

And finally sells it to the agents who come to his office.

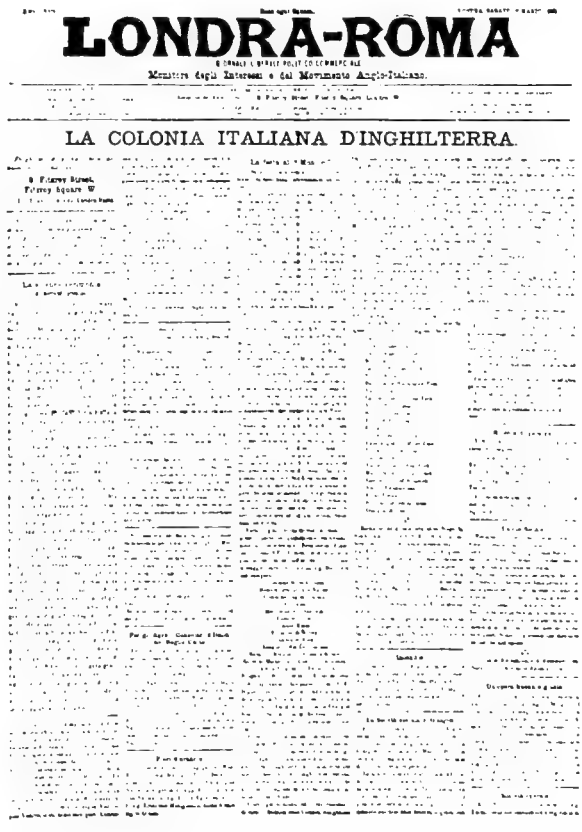
Google

long column ready to be made up into "formes," the size of the printed pages.

Then comes the reading of proofs, and corrections of errors in the setting-up. This done, perhaps a column or two of important articles or news must be written and set up at the last moment. The pages are then made up, placed in the formes, and they are ready for the printing machine. The required number are soon run off, a number which does not approach anything like that of London's "largest circulations," of which, by the way, there are apparently several.

All this work means that Professor Rava is often without rest for two days and nights preceding the day of publication.

Interruptions are frequent. People fresh from Italy call almost every day for advice and, often, assistance. "They forget," the Professor told me with a smile, "that I am not the Consulate, and yet I cannot turn them away without such help as I can give them. Consequently, much of my time is taken, and I am compelled to work until, when publishing is over, I sometimes collapse altogether."


LONDRA-ROMA

Monitore degli Interessi e del Movimento Anglo-Italiano.

LA COLONIA ITALIANA D'INGHILTERRA.

A reduced fac-simile of the front page of the *Londra-Roma*.

Publishing day brings plenty of work and worry. The newsagents in all the provincial districts must be supplied, and their messengers are early on the scene clamouring for copies, which may not yet be dry enough to move. Parcels must be prepared, too, for the various Italian societies and clubs throughout the country.

All book-keeping, furnishing of accounts, and the entire business correspondence are also done by the Professor unassisted.

Asked if his paper circulated in Italy, Professor Rava said:

"I do not count upon many readers in Italy except through the medium of the native papers. These frequently quote the *Londra-Roma* very fully when they are particularly interested in the subject of discussion. About two years ago I drew the serious attention of Italians at home to the danger of the rivalry that had sprung up between the ports of Brindisi and Marseilles, and to the tremendous efforts the French were making to supersede the former in favour of the latter as an important port. Our people were roused into making an effort to frustrate the designs of the French, who might otherwise have robbed Brindisi of its claim upon the shipping trade.

"I have been enabled to develop many business schemes, involving dealings with Italy, which might have gone to benefit other countries instead."

It is pleasing to know that the energy of this remarkable man, apart from producing a "literary curiosity," has proved to be beneficial to his fellow-countrymen in England and in his native Italy.

"The *Londra-Roma* is liberal in politics, and, above all, intensely commercial. It is my special wish to keep all my readers in the closest touch with the legislation and the commercial arrangements that affect trade between England and Italy, but it is also my aim to keep the Italian in England in touch with the homeland, and thus save him from forgetting his nationality."

Google

BLUFF

By M. McD. Bodkin, Q.C.

I.

"My heart was in my mouth the whole time."

"How alarming, Miss Fletcher, you might have lost it."

"I did lose it to the man that bowled the English Captain, Ranjitsinghi."

"English, did you say? Ranjitsinghi has not exactly an Anglo-Saxon sound, has it?"

"All I know is they claimed him, and they played him, and he was bowled, thank goodness! in the last innings of the last match for a duck."

"A duck, Miss Fletcher?"

"Please don't be silly, Mr. O'Leary." The bright eyes flashed, and the impatient little foot patted the steamer's deck. "I hate you when you are in this humour, drawling out foolish questions from an empty head."

"You wrong me, Miss Fletcher, you wrong me deeply. I was gravely thinking."

"Indeed! about what, pray?"

"Philology."

"Phil—, what? Say that again, please."

"The vagaries of words. How often, for example, two quite different words have the same meaning. In most games you will observe 'nothing' is called 'love,' in cricket it is called a 'duck.' By the way, were you ever called a 'duck,' Miss Fletcher?" he asked, with a sudden and startling irrelevance.

"Were you ever called a goose, Mr. O'Leary?"

"I think I like the word 'love' better," he went on, and his voice took a tone that brought the blood to her cheek. "Do you like love, Miss Fletcher?"

"The word love do you mean?"

"No, the reality."

"I don't know—I don't care. You bewilder me with your silly catechism." She sat silent and pouting, and he looked at her with mild surprise and bland unconsciousness of offence.

This kind of thing had happened more than once before, though their acquaintance was not yet a week old. Diana Fletcher was the daughter of an Australian multi-millionaire, carelessly chaperoned by her father on their first trip to Europe. Naturally she was brimming over with excitement and vivacity. Terence O'Leary was a well-known writer for the *Daily Telephone*, for which he had condescended to do a special description of the great International cricket match, while on his vacation at the other end of the world.

The tall handsome impassive man of thirty, and the small pretty vivacious girl of eighteen were drawn together by the inevitable law of attraction of opposites. She did not know he was a penniless journalist, and he did not know she was the only daughter of a multi-millionaire, but what did it matter, for he was not mercenary and she was romantic? They talked only cricket at first. Diana Fletcher had been at all the five matches, and was wild

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd

Digitized by Google

with patriotic delight, at the triumph of the Australian team. O'Leary played cleverly up to her lead and charmed her with brilliant streaks, from his own vivid descriptive articles.

But for the last few days he had dropped into a mood that had puzzled her. She never could tell whether he was in jest or earnest, and under cover of cricket, he slid in some suggestive little question that she could neither answer nor let alone.

"Do you like love, Miss Fletcher?" he asked again after the pause, with quiet irritating persistency.

She looked out over the side and ignored him, but she felt she was blushing in spite of herself. She could have boxed his ears with pleasure at the moment.

"Oh! look, look!" she cried, suddenly leaping up from her deck chair and pointing an eager hand across the shining water.

Scarcely fifty yards away a shoal of flying fish suddenly flashed up from the sea, dropping jewels from their variegated wings as they flew. Behind them a shoal of lively porpoises plunged and rolled in fierce pursuit.

"They are coming! they are coming!" cried Di Fletcher in growing excitement, "They will fall upon the deck!"

But their frightened flight was quickly over. They dropped with a splash into the water not twenty yards away; the puffing porpoises put on a spurt as they fell, and pursuers and pursued swept together under the steamer's side.

Wild with excitement Di leaped up on her deck chair and craned over the bulwark to watch. The chair slipped, and before O'Leary's quick hand could catch, she plunged down into the swirling water that fled swiftly past the vessel's side.

Terence O'Leary kicked off his canvas shoes, gave all his breath to one ringing cry, "Man overboard!" filled his lungs with air again for the dive, and went down with a clean, fearless plunge straight for that swaying blotch of white far down in the whirl of the water.

Quietly as in a drawing-room he slipped his arm round the yielding waist. She lay quite still in his clasp and he went swiftly up with strong strokes to light and air. They rose just at the fringe of the steamer's foam-flaked trail, but he pushed across the edge into the calm sea. Still she lay motionless on his arm, yielding to every motion of his, her golden hair spread loose on the sea, her sweet pale face upturned to the sky. A pang like a knife stab shot through his heart with the thought—"She is dead!"

"Yes, yes, yes," she whispered eagerly in his ear.

But even at that moment, as though for an answer to his fear, she opened languid blue eyes and looked him in the face. Then he saw consciousness and terror waken slowly in their depths.

"Don't," he said, speaking very quietly, as she pouted her lips for a scream. "There is not the least danger. The steamer will send a boat in a minute, and I could hold you up without trouble for a week."

There was such an easy confidence in his voice that fear left her in a moment.

The sea was dead calm, save where a stray ripple from the steamer's trail swayed them gently. They lay poised over the blue pellucid dips like birds floating in mid-air. An easy wave of O'Leary's practised hand, like the quivering of a fish's fin, an easy down-

Google

ward pushing of his feet held them almost motionless at the surface.

The steamer had gone on with a rush, and was nearly half a mile away. But his cry had been heard. His quick ear told him that already the engines were reversed, and he knew they were safe. Meanwhile the situation was not without its charm. They were both clad in the lightest costume of the tropics; a few ounces of white fabric through which the tepid water, only a few degrees cooler than the hot air, touched them pleasantly.

"The steamer has stopped," said O'Leary, "they will send a boat for us presently."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," she cried impulsively—"this is delicious."

As she felt his arm tighten ever so little round her waist, she gave one look into his eyes, then closed her own to shut out what she saw there. But she did not bid him release her. It is not easy to maintain he conventions floating in mid-ocean.

The rush and throb of the steamer had ceased. The whole world was so still, she was frightened even by the intense silence.

"How wonderfully you swim!" she said, just to say something.

"Like the duck we were just speaking of," he answered coolly. "That reminds me, Miss Fletcher, you have not answered my last question. Do you like love, real love better than— "

"Better than what?" she faltered.

Again his arm tightened round her waist, and she looked in his eyes in spite of herself.

"Better than anything else in this wide world," he answered. His voice was very earnest now but still very quiet. "You know what I mean; girls are quick to guess that secret. I love you with my whole heart. I know you like me, but I am not sure you like me well enough. I meant to have waited a little longer but I couldn't let such a chance as this slip. Say yes, if you don't object very much. Hurry, Di, hurry! I see them putting out a boat."

"I wish they'd keep their tiresome boat," she cried petulantly. She flashed him a look as she spoke, and he took it for his answer.

The arm round her waist drew her closer and closer to him, and their lips met in a long kiss.

"I suppose I might as well say 'yes,' now," she murmured when she got her breath again.

"I think so," he answered. But she only looked at him, and with man's inconsistency, he stopped her lips again before she could say the word he wanted.

Then they heard the splash of oars and the rattle of rowlocks, across the silent sea. The boat was not a hundred yards away, rushing through the water, the crew straining to their oars. Suddenly a ringing cheer broke out. "Yes, Yes, Yes," she whispered eagerly in his ear under cover of the cheer. "Don't sir, don't—the boatmen are looking. But I just did want to say 'yes' in mid-ocean."

They found old Simeon Fletcher—a big, square-chinned, keen-eyed man—waiting for them on deck smoking a huge cigar; the calmest figure in the excited crowd.

"Welcome back, little girl," he said, patting her damp curls. "You should be more careful. Run away now and get dry clothes on."

To O'Leary he stretched a big strong paw that gripped like a vice. "Lucky you were on the spot, sir, and could swim. I should have missed my little girl. You could do with a drink I reckon, after your wetting."

They had a drink together. The hot sun steamed the sea water out of O'Leary's flannels, and he and Fletcher talked of many things as they paced the deck smoking big Havanna's from the Australian's case. But neither then nor afterwards did the father make any allusion to the little incident of saving his daughter's life.

O'Leary and Di Fletcher met next morning in the cool freshness of the dawn when they had the deck to themselves.

One of the two seemed a little shy when they met, but it was not the lady. She gave him the extreme tips of her dainty fingers, with a gay good morning, and dropped into her deck chair.

He stood silent beside her.

"Well," she cried at last impatiently.

"Well!" he echoed.

"Are you sorry?"

"Sorry for what?"

"For your conduct yesterday in the water, or your conduct this morning on deck. You must be sorry for one or the other. Was it all nonsense you told me yesterday. Are we two engaged or are we not?"

"Certainly, if you will have me."

"Then please behave yourself like an engaged person and don't stand there glowering."

"I wasn't exactly glowering, I was thinking."

"It comes to the same thing. What were you thinking about?"

Google

"Oh, don't take me as objecting to the millions," said O'Leary.

"Well, look here, Miss Fletcher, may I call you Di."

She nodded her head so briskly that she nearly nodded off her sailor's hat. "Of course."

"Well, Di, I didn't know who you were when I spoke yesterday."

"And now you're sorry," she cried with a provoking flash of her bright eyes. "I knew it." She tried to pout her lips, but her eyes betrayed her.

"Well not exactly," said O'Leary, his own cool self again. "But if I had known you were a millionaire's daughter I wouldn't have spoken just then."

"Why?" She snapped the question at him.

"You might have thought—"

"I assure you I have too good an opinion of myself to think anything of the kind. I knew you were fond of me, or I never would have said 'yes.' Besides the millions needn't trouble, for neither you nor I will ever touch a farthing of them."

"Oh! don't take me as objecting to the millions, I beg of you," said O'Leary.

"Object or not object, you won't get them. I spoke to Pops last evening about our engagement."

"You lost no time about telling."

"You lost no time about asking, did you? Please don't interrupt, this is important. Pops didn't interrupt. He heard me out till the last word."

"Which was—'yes!'"

"His wasn't, I'm sorry to say. His first and last word was 'no,' with an adjective in front. 'It won't do, Di,' he said. 'I admit he's a decent looking chap enough.'"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, 'and he picked you out of the water very handily, but he's only a newspaper man.' Are you a newspaper man?"

O'Leary nodded.

"Pops is generally all there. 'I want a big match for you, Di,' he said, 'and I say no to this.'"

"'And I say yes, Pops.'

"'That's your own affair, my girl. You will do it, of course, if you want to. But remember our bargain. I don't want to force you or stop you, and I couldn't if I tried. But if you marry to please me your husband gets a million down on his wedding day, I'll say two if you like, and the rest when I die. If you marry without my consent neither of you get a farthing now or ever.

Digitized by Google

You know me well enough, little girl, to know that I will stick to my bargain.'"

"He'll keep his word?" O'Leary spoke slowly.

"Either way," Di answered, "like a rock. I have never once known him to go back of it yet. But it doesn't matter—does it?"

"Just a wee bit."

"I'd marry you, Terry, if you hadn't a penny," she cried.

"That's pretty near the limit of my capital," he answered. "I have a decent salary for a single vagabond, from the 'D.T.,' but there isn't a penny forthcoming just at present."

"It will be lovely to be poor with you."

"I fancy it would be nicer to be rich."

A startled look crept into her eyes.

"Do you mean to say," she began, but a sudden sob caught her voice, and her eyes filled and overflowed.

"Don't, Di; don't do that."

All his coolness vanished. His arm slipped round her waist, and she nestled her head against his shoulder. "I mean to say nothing but what I said yesterday."

"Do you love me for my own self, Terry?"

"Of course I do."

"Then we'll get married at once; I know Pops. He won't be angry, but he won't give us sixpence."

"Isn't that a little hasty?"

She pushed him from her. They had been very close together.

"Then it's the money you care for and not for me, after all?"

"Steady, little girl. I love you very much indeed, but I love the millions a little, too, though I only heard of them yesterday. I'd like best to get you both if I could manage it."

"But you cannot, I tell you; you cannot."

"Give me a chance, Di. If I don't get your father's—Popse's, I mean—full consent before six months, we'll marry without it."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry at all. Six years would suit me better, and never best of all. We'd best say good-bye now, Mr. O'Leary, and you can look for the millions elsewhere."

"Not if I know it," said O'Leary. "I'll make sure of you in any case, and as much more as I can manage. I'll bet you a dozen pairs of twelve-buttoned gloves that I'll get your father's consent."

"Done!" she cried, gaily, a gambler to her rosy finger tips. "And I'll make you pay, too, mind, if we have to go without dinner for the honeymoon."

II.

"Mr. Fletcher," said O'Leary, "may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Fletcher, "and a cigar?" He offered his cigar case.

"Thanks. Mr. Fletcher," he added, after a pause, "I want your consent to marry your daughter."

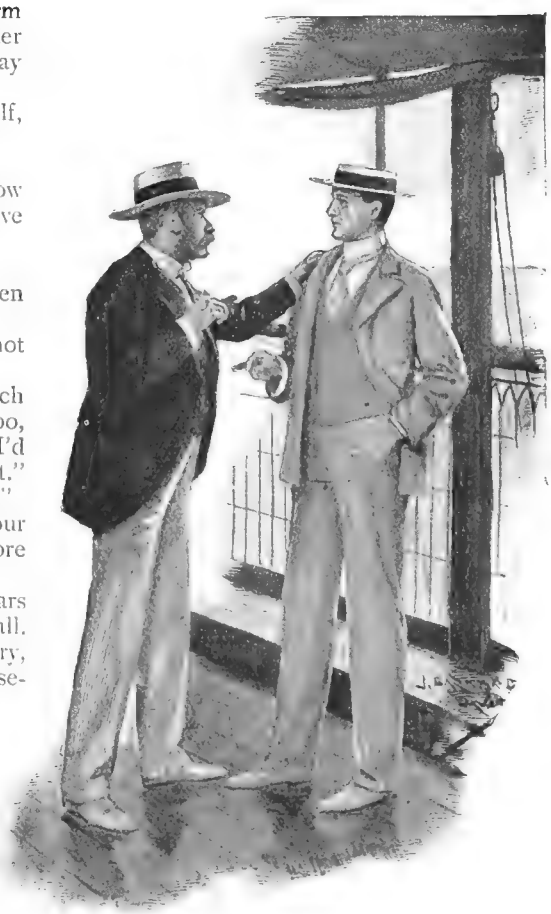
"That's right," said Mr. Fletcher, between two strong pulls of the refractory cigar, which yielded to treatment, "I like plain speaking." He took the cigar from his mouth, puffed a big blue cloud and laid his hand upon O'Leary's shoulder. "I'll speak just as plainly back. You shan't get my consent."

"It's only fair to say I mean to marry her whether I get it or not."

"She has told you about the money?"

"She has."

"You don't think then I'll keep my word?"



Mr. Fletcher laid his hand upon O'Leary's shoulder. "You shan't get my consent," he said.

Google

"I know you'd keep your word if we both went to the poorhouse together. No one could look at that bulldog face of yours and doubt it."

Mr. Fletcher smiled a gratified smile at this peculiar compliment, and gripped O'Leary's hand hard. "You've grit," he said; "not much chance of your missus going to the poorhouse. I never met a man I'd like better for a son-in-law, but I want rank and position for my little girl."

"Is that all?" said O'Leary coolly. "They may be come at."

"Aye, but I want them when he marries her. Look here, I'll tell you what I don't tell many. Her great grandfather was a convict. You don't mind that?"

"Not a brass farthing."

"Well I do." The weak spot in the strong man showed here for his colour deepened to bronze and his tight shut lips twitched. "I determined when she was a baby that this stain should be washed clean out by her marriage. Will you baulk me in this?"

"I don't say that," answered O'Leary coolly, "but I will most certainly marry your daughter, if she will have me."

"Give her a little time," said the father; "she is young and does not know her own mind."

"Certainly. We have agreed to wait six months."

That was the last word between them on the subject, though they talked of many things when they met with unabated friendliness.

As they parted at the landing-stage at Southampton, Mr. Fletcher handed his card to O'Leary, with "Hotel Metropole, London," scrawled across his Australian address.

"I will be glad to see you," he said, "if you come to tell me this foolish business is over."

"Thanks," said O'Leary, "I'm afraid it's not likely. But I will call to see your daughter if I may."

"She's her own mistress," growled the millionaire as he stepped into the carriage, and Diana openly and audaciously kissed hands to her lover as they drove away.

Two nights later O'Leary walked up the stairs of the *Daily Telephone* office into the editor's den.

He found the great man lying on a sofa, smoking a cigar, engaged in what he called "the work of administration."

"Halloa! O'Leary, welcome home, old man. The cricket letters were superb. There was nothing to touch them in London—a regular animatograph without the jerk and the rattle. Do you know, young man, you are a hero just now in the great city. The picturesque account you sent us of your 'gallant rescue,' saving a millionaire's daughter in mid-ocean has had a boom. There was nothing else on at the moment. All London is chattering your praises. Why did you do it? The good of the paper? It was a big thing for us."

"Not exactly. I had a reason of my own for wanting to be talked about and lionised."

"It was true, I suppose?"

"Oh, it was true enough, or you don't suppose I'd be such a fool as to give names and addresses. Any news?"

"There will be no war."

"I guessed that with Golfour at the head of affairs."

"We are to have a Home Rule Bill next session."

"So I said all along. You must remember you are giving me my own prophecies as news. Tell me something I don't know. Any political gossip; any big appointments vacant?"

"Of course you know about New South Wales?"

"A little. I want to know more."

"Well the Government are in quandary about the Governorship. There are two men looking for it; Lord Curley and Sir Thomas Braggington, M.P. Both are useful men; both would fit the post; both have strong claims on the party. But they hate each other like poison, and to give it to one will make a bitter and dangerous enemy of the other."

"A case of 'How happy would I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.' Talking of charmers, Ned, I am engaged to be married."

The chief, pitched his half-smoked cigar into the grate. "Caught at last," he cried. "Is she a nice girl? I need not ask that. Has she money?"

"Lots, or none at all; I cannot tell which at present. Her fortune may be anything from half a farthing to two millions."

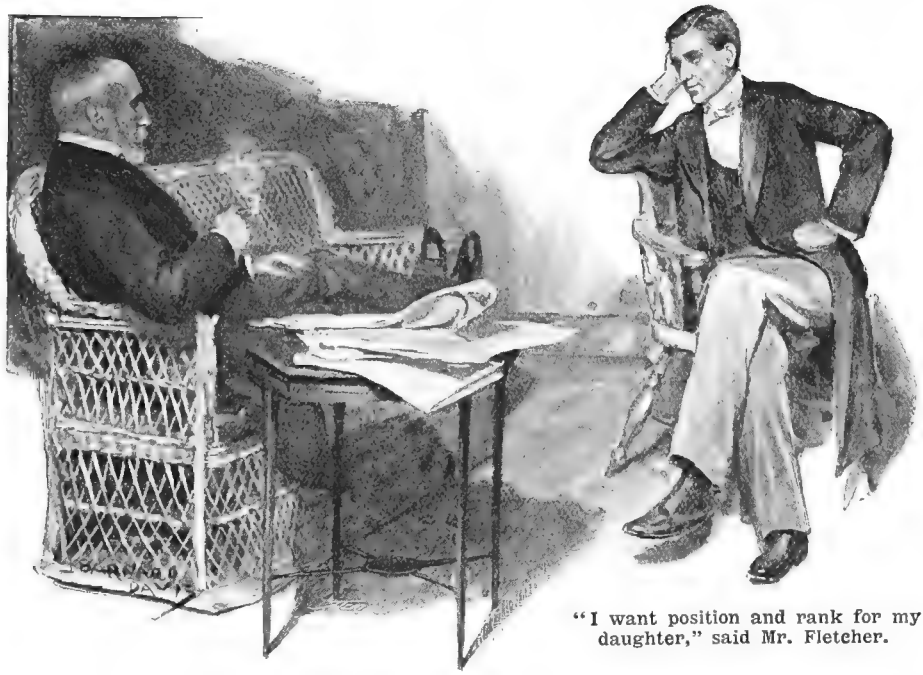
"Is the whole story chaff, Terry, or only just the last bit?"

"I'm as serious as matrimony itself, Ned. It's a wife certain, and a fortune, perhaps. I want a fortnight off work to attend to private affairs. Perhaps I may say good-bye to the office."

"Oh, I hope not, for the 'D.T.'s' sake."

"But I hope so, for my own. Good-night, old man."

Digitized by Google



"I want position and rank for my daughter," said Mr. Fletcher.

III.

"Miss Fletcher at home?"

It was Terence O'Leary in the glossy tall hat and the prolonged and creaseless frock coat of extreme respectability and discomfort, at the door of the Metropole Hotel.

"Yes, sir. Miss Fletcher will see you, sir." said the boy in buttons, to whom he gave his card. "First floor this way, sir."

A doleful "Come in" answered his brisk knock at the door. She was alone in the pretty little private sitting-room, her gold curls fluffy and dishevelled, and the red stain of tears under her eyes. She had just leaped up at his knock from the soft cushions of a great broad easy chair, where she had coiled herself up like a hare in its form for a comfortable cry.

"What is it, Di?" he cried in dismay. "My own pet, you look like——"

"Don't, Terry," she broke in, "don't call me Di, and talk to me nicely like that. It's all over between us. You ought to curse me instead, for ruining your life."

"Well, I don't intend to. But do, like a dear little girl, tell me what it is all about?"

"I'm a weak girl, unworthy of your love."

"Talk sense like a good child; come to the facts."

She looked at him wistfully, surprised and a little hurt at his coolness.

"Pops came to me this morning."

"Hem—now I'm beginning to understand," muttered O'Leary under his breath.

She broke off with a piteous appealing look.

"Go on, Miss Fletcher," he said mockingly. "Pops came to you this morning—well?"

She took tight hold of her courage and went on speaking very quickly. "So long as he spoke about money I only laughed at him. But he said nothing about the money this morning. 'We have been good friends always, little girl' he said patting my head softly, 'and you've done pretty well what you liked with me. Are you going to throw me over for this new chap, Di?'

"'Don't talk like that, Pops,' I said, 'of course not. I'll be your own little daughter all the time, and we don't want the money, either of us.'

"Speak for yourself, my dear," put in O'Leary, the same half mocking tone in his voice.

His tone roused the spirit in the girl. "Perhaps father was right after all," she said, choking down a sob. "He didn't laugh at my grief. He coaxed and caressed me. 'It won't do, little girl,' he said. 'I have tried to brazen it out but it won't do. The one thought of my life has been to make you a great lady. I cannot part with that hope. You must choose between him and me.'"

Google

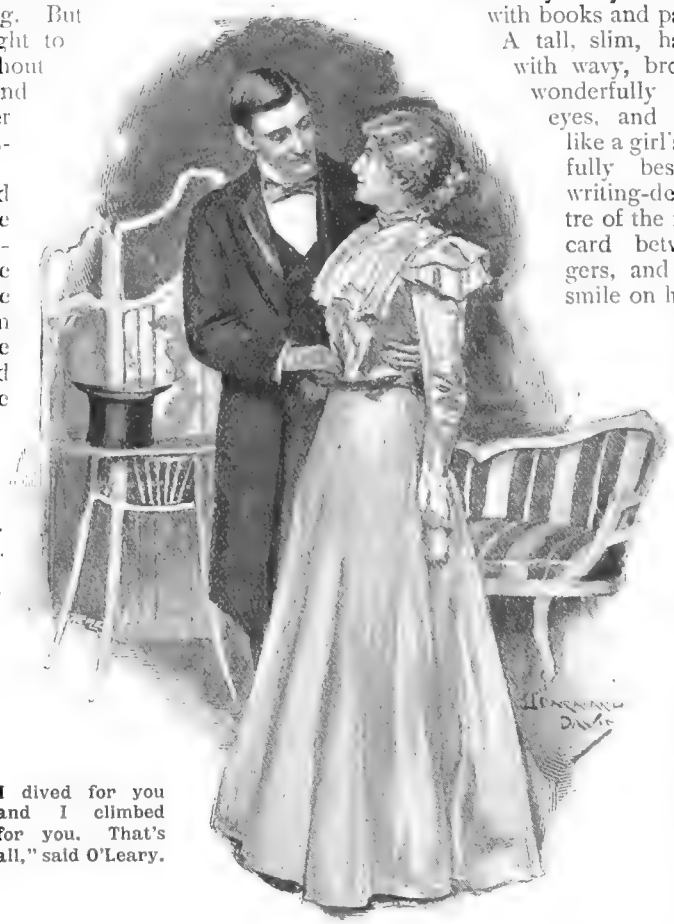
She paused for a moment, a rising sob caught her voice, but again she forced it back, "And I chose him," she cried with a kind of gasp. "I promised him," she went on slowly. "I would never marry without his consent. I'm very sorry Mr. O'Leary if you really mind, but I'll keep my word. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he answered, lightly. The mocking smile still survived his astonishment. She gave him one swift glance, as though she would have liked a tenderer leave-taking. But he walked straight to the door without another word, and she turned her head away disconsolately.

Softly and swiftly he came back with noiseless step on the thick carpet. He slipped his arm around the drooped neck and kissed her three times on the lips.

"Good-bye, again," he said—"for the present," and was gone.

He hummed an operatic tune softly to himself as he went gaily along Whitehall Avenue. There was no touch of the forlorn lover about him. Then he turned into Downing Street and stopped at the last house on the right-hand side—*the* house.



"I dived for you and I climbed for you. That's all," said O'Leary.

"The Prime Minister is in," he said to the footman—a journalist knows everything. "He came in about three-quarters of an hour ago. I want particularly to see him."

A sovereign passed and vanished like a conjurer's trick.

"I cannot, really, sir, I cannot. I have orders to say he was out to everybody. He's most particularly engaged."

"All I want you to do is to take up this card. You can say I knew he was in and wouldn't budge till you did it. If he says 'no' to the card I'll go away at once."

The Prime Minister did not say "no" to the card.

"This way, sir, please," said the returning footman, with great politeness. He turned a handle softly, and ushered O'Leary into an airy study filled and littered with books and papers.

A tall, slim, handsome man with wavy, brown hair, and wonderfully bright, brown eyes, and a complexion like a girl's, stood gracefully beside the big writing-desk in the centre of the room, with the card between his fingers, and a welcoming smile on his lips.

The smile died away slowly to blank astonishment as his eyes rested on the face of Mr. Terence O'Leary.

There was an awkward pause. The Prime Minister was too surprised to speak. But Mr. Terence O'Leary was completely at his ease.

"I fear there has been some little mistake," said the Premier at last, adjusting his pince-nez to look closer at the card. "I expected to see the distinguished Australian, Mr. Fletcher."

"Not exactly a mistake, Mr. Golfour," O'Leary answered quietly; "if you will give me a moment I will explain."

"Mr. O'Leary," the Prime Minister interrupted, "pardon me, I did not recognise you for a moment; the Australian sun has done you so brown. Do you know you are

Digitized by Google

famous? All London is talking of your gallant rescue of the beautiful heiress, Miss Fletcher, in mid-Pacific. I read the account myself yesterday morning in the *Daily Telephone*. By the way, that accounts, of course, for the confusion and mistake about the cards."

"I'm afraid I cannot ride off on that excuse. I have to confess there was no mistake at all. I sent up his card deliberately because I thought you'd sooner see him than me."

"But you come on his business, I suppose?"

"Not at all: I come on my own. I have a favour to ask."

"Well?" said the Prime Minister, with a perceptible stiffening of manner.

"There is a difficulty, I understand, about the Governorship of New South Wales?"

"Well?" in a voice of bewilderment. "How is that relevant?"

"I want to be the new Governor."

After the first stroke of surprise was over, the Prime Minister lay back in his chair, stretched his long legs out, and laughed softly and good-humouredly.

"Of course you know this is absurd, Mr. O'Leary?"

"Of course, I know it seems absurd at first sight. Mr. Golfour, let us talk it over, if you don't mind. I'm a fairly competent man. You said so yourself once upon a time."

"More than that," interposed the Prime Minister with all his own winning graciousness, "but ——"

"Let me make the objections. I have neither money, position, nor rank for this distinguished position."

The Prime Minister nodded. "You have said it."

"Now listen. I am about to marry Miss Fletcher, the daughter of the Australian millionaire. I will get a million down on our wedding-day. Her father is by long odds the first man in the colony. There are the wealth and position for you at one stroke."

"But the rank?" objected the Prime Minister wavering.

"Well, you can make me a baronet to begin with. That will do for the present. I will wait for the peerage until I have earned it. My name, as you have been kind enough to say, is favourably before the public at present. The romance of the whole thing is certain to fetch them. Moreover, it lets the Government out of the Curley and Braggington dilemma."

"You fellows know everything," said the Prime Minister smiling.

There was a long pause. The wonderful brown eyes were fixed searchingly on O'Leary's handsome, resolute face.

"You'll do," said the Prime Minister suddenly. "This marriage is quite certain?"

"I hope to get Mr. Fletcher's permission to-day to put the announcement into to-morrow's *Times*. I only ask a conditional promise."

"Well, you have it. You are a wonderful man, Mr. O'Leary. Never before in the history of the Empire was an appointment so strangely rushed."

"I hope to justify your choice, Mr. Golfour. A thousand thanks, and good morning. I am going straight to Mr. Fletcher."

He found Mr. Fletcher smoking the inevitable Havanna in the hall of the Metropole, and greeted him with jocund cordiality.

"You come to see my daughter, I presume, O'Leary?" said Mr. Fletcher grimly. "I think she has a message for you."

"Thanks," said the imperturbable O'Leary, "I saw her this morning and got the message. Now I want a word with you."

"I don't know what you can have to say to me."

"You will know when I have said it. Won't that do?"

Fletcher led the way to the outer smoking room, which they found empty. "Have a drink? No. A cigar? Help yourself. Now fire away."

"I want to marry your daughter," O'Leary began.

"You said that before. Well, I say you shan't."

"*You* said that before. I want you to tell me why."

"I have already told you."

"We are in the humour for repetitions. Tell me again?"

"I want position and rank with my daughter's husband. I have worked for that all my life. I have made my money for that end and I'm not going to give it up to please you. My daughter has come to my way of thinking for my sake. She likes you. I don't deny it, but she likes her old dad better, I'm happy to say."

"And I like her all the better for that."

"You are very kind. Now don't you think we may say good-bye?"

"Not exactly. I want first to know what rank and position you require for your son-

Google

in-law. Shall we say a baronetcy and Governorship of New South Wales?"

"You are laughing at me, Mr. O'Leary, but neither are too good for my Di."

"That's not my question. Are they good enough?"

"I don't see the use of this foolery."

"Can't you answer a plain question, man? I won't ask another I promise you."

"You know the answer."

"You think that good enough for her, then?"

"Well, yes, if you must talk nonsense." Mr. Fletcher answered in surly bewilderment.

O'Leary turned aside and scribbled a few lines on a sheet of the hotel note paper, blotted the paper, and handed it across to Mr. Fletcher. "Read that," he said.

With growing bewilderment Mr. Fletcher read:

"We understand on absolutely reliable authority that the vacant Governorship of New South Wales has been conferred upon Mr. Terence O'Leary, who is to receive at the same time the rank of baronet. We are also able to announce that a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between the new Governor and Miss Diana Fletcher, the daughter of the well-known Australian Millionaire."

Blank amazement sat on Mr. Fletcher's face when he had finished.

"What the deuce——" he broke out at last.

But O'Leary quietly cut him short. "Ten minutes ago," he said slowly, giving full effect to each word, "I had the Prime Minister's sanction from his own lips to the first half of that paragraph. If I get your sanction to the second half, it will appear in to-morrow's *Times*."

"Do you mean that?" Fletcher replied.

"Before Heaven I do. You can trust me."

Fletcher looked at him steadily in the eyes for a moment.

"I can, and do," he cried, and stretched out a big hand. "It's a bargain." O'Leary winced at the strength of the bear squeeze. "Not a word more," the big man went on briskly, "go straight to my little girl and tell her the good news. She's been fretting, I'm afraid. She'll be glad to know she can keep her daddy and her sweetheart both on hands."

O'Leary did not need to be told twice. He went up the broad stairs three at a time, and knocked at the sitting-room door.

"Come in," cried a faint, petulant voice.

"You see, I've come back," he said quietly as he entered and closed the door.

She started up from the big chair at the sound of his voice, and faced him with flushed and tear-stained face.

"How dare you?" she cried, "after—after what happened."

"Oh! I only come on a message from your father."

"My father!" said poor Di bitterly, "you have become good friends all of a sudden."

"Certainly, what's the use of quarrelling about trifles?"

"I'm very glad you don't mind," she faltered, "I was afraid that you might be——"

"Oh! no, not at all; there's as good fish in the sea, Miss Fletcher, as ever was caught. The proverb is particularly appropriate to us—don't you think so? I have promised to help your father in his plans."

"I don't understand."

"He has got a husband ready for you, a splendid catch. The new Governor of New South Wales, a baronet to boot, and a modest decent straightforward, moderately good looking chap as well, if I'm any judge."

"My father sent you with that message to me?"

"Certainly."

"And you came?"

"Well, you see I'm here."

"I'm ashamed of him and I'm ashamed of you. It's mean and cowardly and cruel of you both."

The tears shone in her angry eyes as she faced him defiantly.

"That's no answer to your father's message," he said quietly, and came a step or two closer, "will you accept this Governor and baronet?"

"No! no! no! a thousand times no!"

"Don't be hasty, Di, you may be sorry for it. Why, you haven't even asked his name."

"I don't want to know his horrid name."

"Then I must tell you without asking. His name is Sir Terence O'Leary." His arm suddenly clasped her waist, and looking up into his laughing eyes she read the truth there.

"But how did you, Terry, how could you," she murmured, as she nestled closer to him, "it's just like a fairy tale. I take it all upon trust just because you say it, but I don't in the least understand."

"It's very simple, Di. I dived for you and I climbed for you. That's all."

That was not exactly all. But what followed was intended only for private circulation.

Digitized by Google

How Pretoria Will Be Besieged

By Charles Ray

Photo by G. W. Wilson & Co. Ltd.

A bird's-eye view of Pretoria.

If half we hear is true, the Boers are certainly not a musical race. And yet, for months before War broke out, pianos of all sizes and qualities, carefully packed in wooden cases, were being imported into the Transvaal by the score. Those who had the handling of these wonderful instruments were very much astonished at their weight. They had never known such pianos before. Strange to say, however, such men as President Kruger, General Joubert, Chief Secretary Reitz, and Commandant Cronje, were not at all surprised. They knew a thing or two about pianos. In fact, there were pianos and pianos. Pianos for discoursing sweet music were one thing, but the instruments imported into the Transvaal, though having the outward semblance of pianos, could distribute more than mere sound. They could deal death and destruction in a wholesale fashion. Never were such pianos known before. The explanation of the whole business was, that these seemingly inoffensive instruments concealed within their outward garb the various parts of the most modern artillery. The Boers knew war was coming, and particularly were they anxious to prepare for what would be the greatest incident of the war—the siege of Pretoria, and so they imported magnificent artillery in piano frames, in cheese cases, in egg boxes, and in butter tubs.

Exactly when the siege will commence it is impossible to say until the main Boer Army shall have met with a decisive and final defeat in the field. Indeed, there is a possibility that at the last moment, when the British

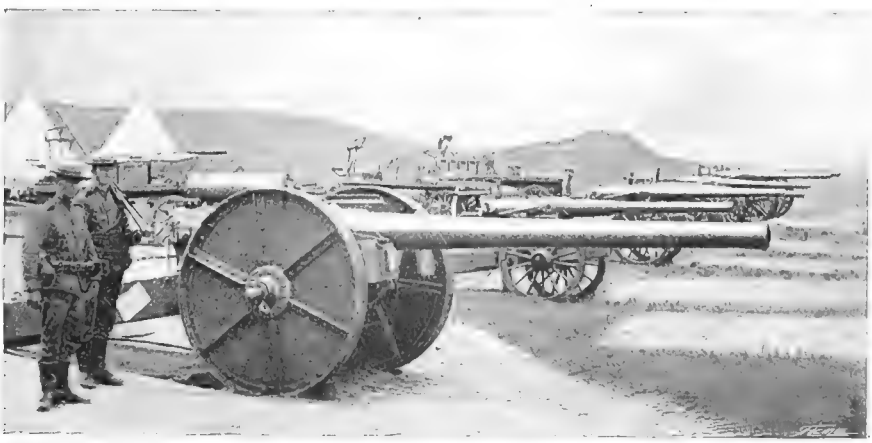


Photo by Canet.

Some of the large naval guns which will assist in the bombardment of the Pretoria forts.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

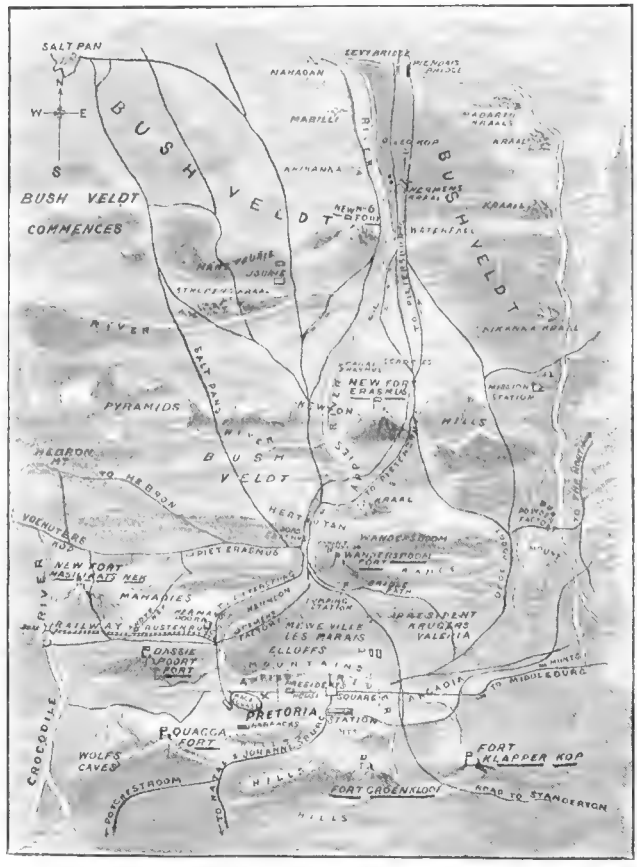
Digitized by Google

columns are advancing towards the Capital, the opposition of the Transvaal Boers will collapse as utterly as did that of their unwilling friends the Free Staters. If, however, the war goes on, there is no doubt that some time during the summer the chief city of Mr. Kruger will be subject to a siege.

All military experts are looking forward with eager anticipation to this incident of the war. It may sound very heartless to state such a fact in cold blood, but it is, nevertheless, true. And after all, students of arms have a good deal of reason on their side for such an anticipation. The siege of Pretoria will be the first military operation of its kind since the Germans invested Paris. But how much more terrible the bombardment will be it is impossible for soldiers, much less for civilians, to realise. It is sufficient to state here that according to the great work of M. Bloch, the famous military expert, artillery is now at least thirty times more terrible in its effects than it was in 1870. The devastation which can be wrought by the heavier kinds of siege guns is simply appalling. Even the lighter "big" guns can almost change the natural features of the country. An English volunteer at Arundel recently wrote home that he had watched a British "Long Tom" from Gibraltar "peppering" the Boers.

"They sighted the gun and fired," he wrote, "there was a terrific report, and the gun rebounded about five yards. A 50lb. shell shrieked through the air, and after waiting about a minute, we saw something like half a kopje blown sky-high about five miles away."

That is the effect of a 50lb. shell; what, then, will be the effect of the great Creusot guns which are said to man the Pretoria forts? There are, for instance, several 32 centimetre (12in.) coast-defence guns. Incredible as it may seem, each fires a shot weighing no less than half a ton, which can pierce a sheet of solid steel 4in. thick, or practically make a good sized kopje disappear entirely! These are the guns that our siege train with its 6in. and 8in. howitzers will have to put out of action before the forts can be taken. Of course, it will be impossible for the British to occupy Pretoria without first demolishing or taking the eight forts which surround the city. A gentleman who lived in Pretoria for some time, recently declared that he had been told by a Boer artillery officer, that if the British troops entered the capital, the great guns of the various forts would be turned on the town and "the invaders would be buried under its ruins."

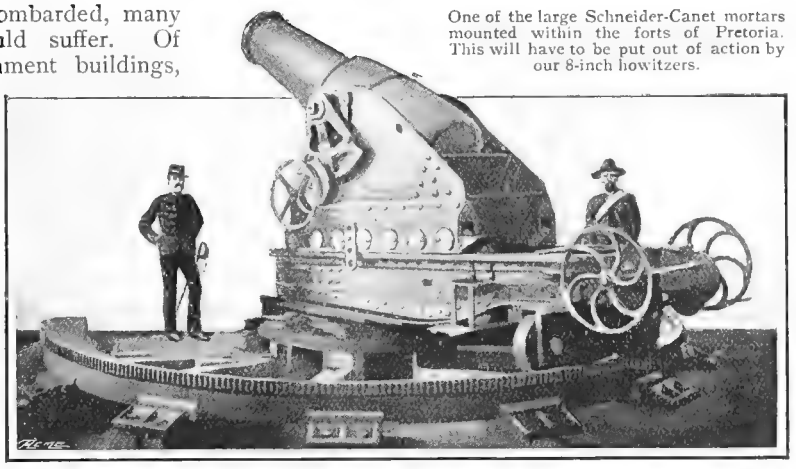


A reduced copy of the Military Survey of the country round Pretoria, showing forts, &c. A similar copy to this is now being used by Lord Roberts.

Such an event is quite impossible, as the British will not dream of taking the city till they have first captured or demolished the forts. Far more likely is it that the British themselves will obtain possession of the fortifications and compel the capitulation of the city at the mouth of its own guns. Should

Digitized by Google

Pretoria itself be bombarded, many fine buildings would suffer. Of course, the Government buildings, the finest structure in the city, would form a splendid target, and, unfortunate as it would be, the destruction of the Dutch Reformed Church, on the opposite side of the main road, could scarcely be avoided.



One of the large Schneider-Canet mortars mounted within the forts of Pretoria. This will have to be put out of action by our 8-inch howitzers.

From a Photo

The illustrations which we give of the Pretoria forts are quite unique, and have never before been published. They are exact facsimiles of those in the possession of the War Office, and the only other copies are in the hands of Lords Roberts and Kitchener and their staffs. The forts vary in size, but are of the very latest pattern and construction. Everything is masked, and, but for the flag staff, no passer-by would ever dream that anything in the way of a fortification existed at the various spots. Each is well supplied with food, and underground pipes enable water to be pumped from the nearest river. There are tanks in each fort, which are now kept filled, and even if the regular water supply were to be cut off the garrisons could be sustained from these tanks for at least a month. All the forts are connected by underground telegraph and telephone wires. Some British officers who have lived in the Transvaal even declare that there are subterranean passages connecting many of the forts with the town of Pretoria itself. A mere glance at the military map which we publish will show that all the approaches to the city, except on the side of Delagoa Bay, are commanded by these forts.

To starve out Pretoria, which is said to be provisioned for two years, would be altogether too costly an operation. Neither is it one which would commend itself to our gallant army, and it will, therefore, be necessary that the forts be silenced or taken. A surprise assault is probably out of the question, and therefore a regular bombardment will be the method of attack. It is for this that a siege train exists and is now in South Africa.

But when our army approaches Pre-

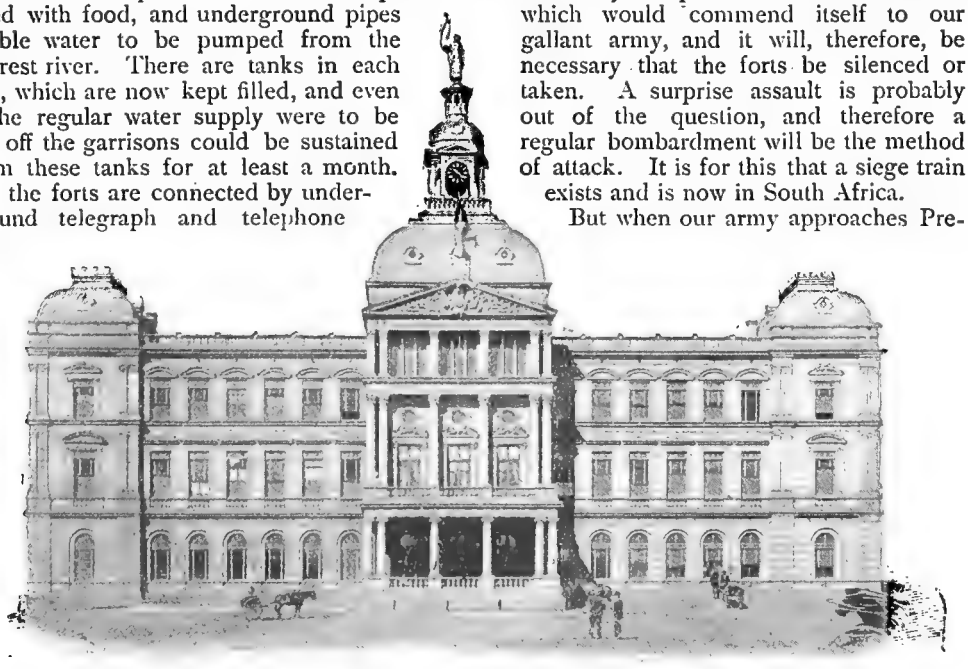
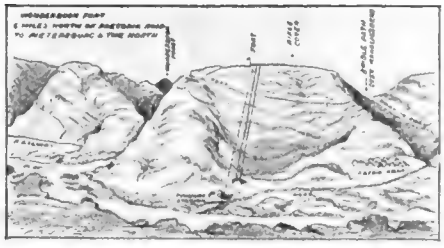


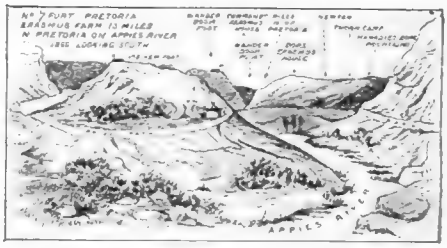
Photo by Barnett.

The Government Building and Houses of Parliament in Pretoria. This structure will be one of the first to suffer should the city itself be bombarded.

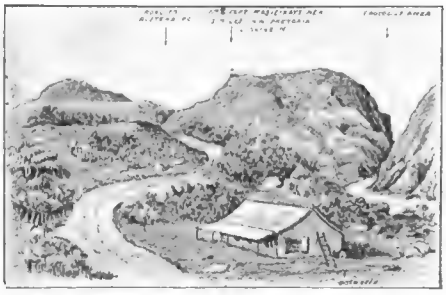
Digitized by Google



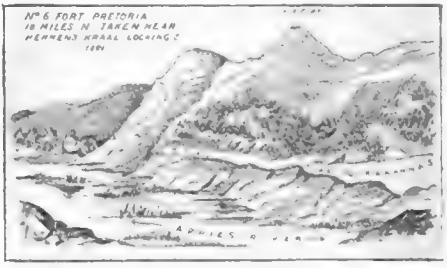
Wonderboom Fort, the largest of all the Pretoria forts, commands the valley to the North.



Fort Erasmus is situated North of Pretoria on the farm of Commandant Erasmus.



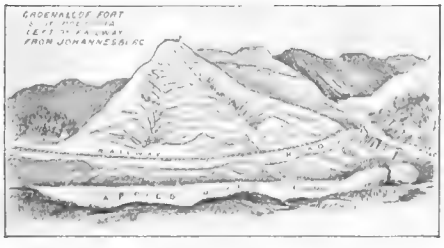
This fort, No. 8, commands the railway to the South of Musilikats Nek.



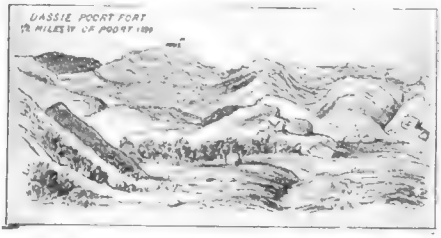
No. 6 Fort is one of the three new Northern forts which are said to have been built to cover the Boer retreat North after Pretoria falls.

toria, the Boer troops will not remain idle behind their fortifications; they will put out outposts with field artillery and do all they possibly can to harass our advance guard. These outposts will have to be driven in, and the main body of Lord Roberts' force having arrived, will at once bombard the forts and outlying positions. Exactly what will happen at this stage cannot possibly be foretold, as so much depends on the commanding officers on both sides and the men who are serving the guns.

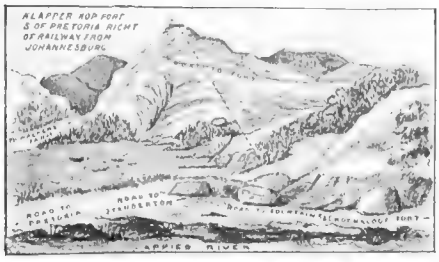
The nature of the country round Pretoria is favourable to the fire of howitzers, the shells of which, unlike those of ordinary guns, are not fired straight at their objective but at an angle. This enables an howitzer to be hidden behind a range of hills, and to drop fearfully



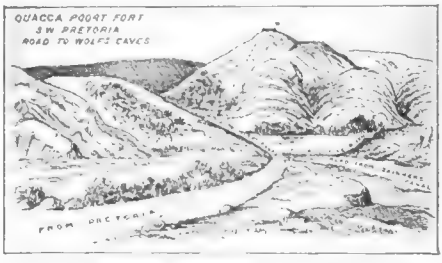
Groenkloof, one of the Southern forts, is very formidable.



Dassie Poort Fort commands the entrance to Pretoria from the West.



Klapper Kop Fort, also on the South of Pretoria, with Groenkloof, commands the Johannesburg road.



Quagga Poort Fort was built to flank and enfilade the new magazines south of the tow...

Digitized by Google

destructive shells upon a fort without itself being liable to destruction. The use of smokeless powder quite prevents the besieged knowing whence comes the terrible devastation that rains upon them.

Of course, the Boers have not been idle, but under the advice of European mercenary officers have done their utmost to hamper the British advance on their capital. Naturally they will have cut down all trees and bushes and destroyed all buildings near the forts, so that when it comes to the final assault, the English will be terribly exposed to the fire of the Boer guns, without being able to find cover of any kind. It will be at such a time that British bravery will stand our soldiers in good stead.

The British will have a great advantage in holding the country all round Pretoria, for having repaired the railways, there will be no difficulty in moving their heavy guns about and getting up ammunition in large quantities. No doubt a continuous line of railway will be built round Pretoria so that the heavy guns may be shifted from point to point without difficulty. But it is particularly for the ammunition that such railways are valuable. This will be readily realised when we mention that something like 30 tons of shells are fired by one 8in. howitzer in a day.

Photo by S. Cribb.

One of the 15-pounders which will drive in the enemy's outposts. This is how the gun will appear to the Boers.

Again the British will have a tremendous advantage over the Boers on account of war balloons which the latter do not possess. These balloons will be sent up at various points and by means of the new and perfected tele-photography, the exact positions of the enemy's forts and armaments will be discovered and the movements of the defending force followed.

Naturally, a great deal of the work of the British troops will be carried out at night, trenches will be cut, batteries advanced and hidden, and infantry brought up under cover of darkness. But the darkness will also favour the Boers in any sorties they may undertake, and we may expect that there will be some severe fighting during the nights before the final capture of the

Photo by G. W. Wilson & Co. Ltd.

The Dutch Reformed Church, Pretoria's Cathedral, which may be accidentally damaged in the bombardment.

Digitized by Google

capital. Special efforts will be made to obtain possession of two consecutive forts. Obviously, if these can be taken by surprise or assault tremendous advantage will accrue to our arms, for the formidable guns hitherto against us could be used to silence the forts on either side, whilst a wide passage uncommanded by the heavy guns of the enemy would be open for the passage of our troops.

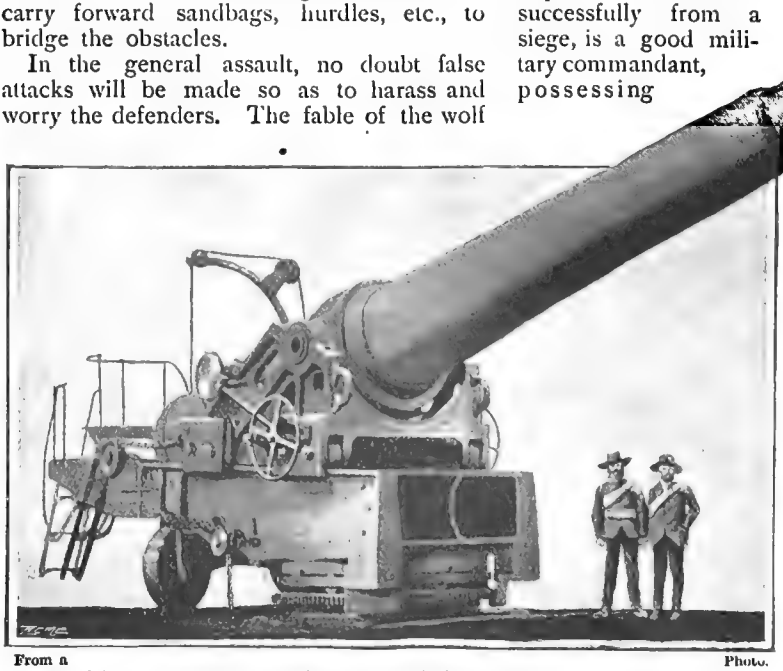
Photo by S. Cribb.

Officers of the siege train watching to see the exact places where the shells from their guns have fallen.

Perhaps the final assault of a fort is the most difficult part of a siege. The idea is to rush a body of men at great speed upon the fort while the inmates are yet demoralised by a heavy artillery fire; but here the country around Pretoria favours the Boers. It is full of ditches, and spruits, and crevasses, which will all have been filled with entanglements, such as knives and scythes with their blades turned upwards. Then barbed wire obstacles will have been placed everywhere to hinder the advance of our troops. To overcome these difficulties will fall to the lot of the engineers, who will carry forward sandbags, hurdles, etc., to bridge the obstacles.

In the general assault, no doubt false attacks will be made so as to harass and worry the defenders. The fable of the wolf and the boy will possibly be repeated, and when the real assault takes place, it is probable the enemy will look upon it as only a false alarm, and not be fully prepared to resist.

Many points of weakness in the defence will, no doubt, help the British. For instance, after suitable fortifications, there is no doubt that the greatest requisite for a town which hopes to come out successfully from a siege, is a good military commandant, possessing energy, judgment, tact and resolution, together with a thorough knowledge of fortress warfare. Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else, the Boers will be at fault. It is known that they have a number of European officers with them, but whether anyone possesses the required qualities of a good commandant for the siege is very doubtful.



From a Photo.

A huge 32-centimetre (12-inch) siege gun which arms one of the Pretoria forts.

Digitized by Google

Photo by Canet.

A group of naval guns with the besieging force.

To mention one point only, a good deal depends on the attitude of the civilian population in a besieged city. Of course, everyone is under martial law, but there are different ways of enforcing martial law, and civilians are apt to resent a too overbearing attitude on the part of their military governors. Sir George White, at Ladysmith, was an ideal commandant of a besieged town. All—not only the military, but the civil population—had absolute confidence in him and loved him for his bravery and courtesy, hence they were prepared to undergo any hardships rather than see their commandant obliged to capitulate.

But it is very doubtful whether any Boer commandant, or any foreign officer fighting with the Boers, could thus influence the civil population of Pretoria. The enemy seem to have a way of doing everything in the most unpleasant manner. If it is possible to ruffle the temper of non-combatants, they will do it; and with a large civil population opposed to the military authorities, it is doubtful if treachery would not soon be at work and result in the capture of the city. The forts of Pretoria are provided with searchlights, but, of course, if they are used at night to sweep the surrounding country and discover any possible surprise attack, they will also have the effect of showing our howitzer batteries where to fire. The greatest advantage the defenders have is in knowing their country so well, but with the plans and maps which are in our generals' hands this advantage may be overcome, and then good strategy and tactics, combined with splendid fighting qualities, must win the day.

At the time of writing this article it is said that the British will, in pursuance of the terms of their treaty with the Portuguese Government, land troops at Beira and march them across into Rhodesia, whence they will be in a position to attack the Transvaal from the north. Such a course might have a great influence upon the continuance of the war. As has been previously mentioned, there are no forts on the north-east of Pretoria. This route, therefore, would apparently lie open and almost unprotected to a British force advancing from the direction indicated. The Boers would, no doubt, march an army to meet our northern force, but that would mean the weakening of their commandos in the south. If a really large British force should pass through the Portuguese territory and advance from Rhodesia, the plight of the Boers would indeed be serious.

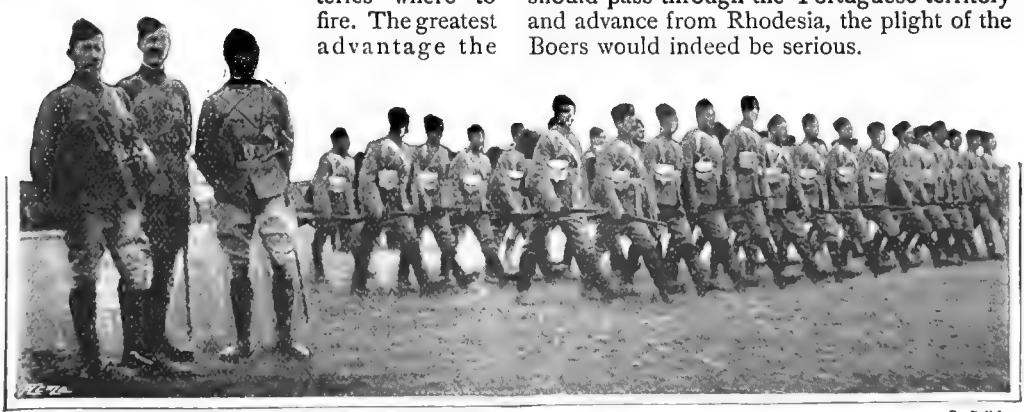


Photo by S. Cribb.

Men of the siege train marching into position.

Google

A Comedy of Errors

By

Frances Preedy.

Cannorth Castle, August 15th.

"Dear Miss Russell,—It will give us much pleasure if you will come and stop with us on the 1st of September for ten days. Though we have not the pleasure of knowing you, we have heard so much of you from your sister, that we much look forward to seeing you in person. I hope she is enjoying her trip abroad, and that she will be able to pay us her long-promised visit on her return. —Believe me, yours sincerely, Kathleen Trevor."

I read the letter out at breakfast time.

There was a chorus of "What luck for you, Jo!" from my family, with an envious sigh from my younger sister.

"Do you remember where Louise met Mrs. Trevor?" inquired my mother. "I don't seem to recollect the name, but they must have known each other very well."

"I never attempt to remember half the people Louise talks about," I said. "But I believe she got to know some Trevors when she was at Harrogate last year. Anyway, they must have liked her very much to transfer their affections to her sister."

Such an invitation had never come to any of the family before. "Cannoth Castle" sounded very grand, and, indeed, we soon looked the Trevors out, and found that Mr. Trevor was an Honourable, with a house in town as well as this place in Scotland.

My father was a doctor, and there were seven of us. But little dissipation came our way, except, indeed, to Louise, the eldest of us; who, as companion to a rich and well-born old lady, went everywhere, and did everything. She was now on a tour round the world—the "trip" to which we imagined Mrs. Trevor referred.

I was the stay-at-home one, and did some daily governessing when I could be spared from helping in the house.

A sister of eighteen studying at an art-school, a brother in business, and three younger ones, completed the family.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

I had been ill that spring, and London never suited me in the warm weather; so it was with a very joyful heart that I wrote to Louise to tell her of her friends' kindness, and got my clothes together preparatory to starting on my visit.

I imagined that it would be a smart house-party for the shooting, and wondered if I should ever look presentable. However, I reflected that the Trevors knowing Louise so well, would know that we were not well off, and would not expect much of me.

A lucky windfall in the shape of a coat and skirt to be made by a first-rate tailor, arrived in time for me to avail myself of it—a prize for my character as judged by my hand-writing offered by a ladies' paper.

"You look *somebody!*" observed Gwen, as she and my mother and the children stood by me on the platform at Euston, the morning of the 1st.

"That skirt hangs divinely, and the coat is a dream," she went on, eyeing me critically. "And with your new evening-dress and that sweet black one, I don't see why you shouldn't win an honourable or even a lord's heart."

I laughed, and a good-looking man who was passing, followed by a footman in livery carrying a bag and a gun-case, evidently could not restrain a smile, either, at my pretty sister's clear decided tones.

She turned and looked at him as he entered a carriage further on; then, as I took my seat, she remarked:

"If he's a lord, I shouldn't mind him for you."

"It's so likely he's going to the same place," I observed ironically.

But he was!!

Directly I saw him collecting his luggage at the little station I got out at, I made up my mind it would come in rather well in a story, though I did not intend myself as the heroine.

A footman came up to me.

"Are you for Cannoth Castle, Miss?" he asked, touching his hat.

I assented, and, as I walked towards the waiting carriage, the good-looking man came up to me.

"I think we are bound for the same destination," he said. "Perhaps I had better introduce myself. I am Captain le Grand."

("Then he is not a lord," I said to myself. "How disappointed Gwen will be when I tell her!")

Aloud I said, "And I am Josephine Russell."

I thought he looked rather queerly at me—at least I thought so afterwards, though I did not take much notice at the time.

"Then he is not a lord," I said to myself. "How disappointed Gwen will be when I tell her!"

Digitized by Google

"They both looked rather uncomfortable when they saw me."

"I suppose your maid will come with the luggage," he inquired, as he got into the carriage after me."

"Oh! I haven't got one," I answered.

"Surely everyone is not expected to have a maid here!" I thought.

Captain le Grand looked rather surprised, but began to talk at once to me.

"Do you know the Trevors well?" he asked. "Trevor himself is an old chum of mine, but he left the service on his marriage, I'm sorry to say. His wife is delightful."

"I don't know either of them, even by sight," I replied.

"Indeed, it is rather funny my coming here at all; my sister knows them, and they kindly invited me to stop with them, as she is abroad. I have been hoping to hear from her in answer to my letter, but, as she is travelling about, it has probably never reached her. I asked her to tell me a little about Mr. and Mrs. Trevor, as I can't remember her talking much of them; and it is so awkward knowing nothing of one's host and hostess. In fact," I added, laughing, "I am taking them on trust, as completely as they must be taking me."

The rest of the drive was over far too quickly.

From a description of the Trevors' we passed on to conversation on every conceivable subject, and by the time we reached the castle, Captain le Grand and I seemed quite old friends; and I had promised to go to his butt for two of the grouse drives the next day.

A charming little lady received us in the drawing-room. She talked so fast, and seemed to have so much to say, that I could scarcely follow it all.

However, I at last fathomed that she was Mr. Trevor's married sister, and that she had been hastily summoned to act hostess, as her sister-in-law had been wired for, two days before, to help nurse a favourite cousin who was very ill.

"So dreadful, of course," Mrs. Terry rattled on, "and Kathleen, being a perfect saint, went off directly she heard she was wanted. She is very put out about this party, though—eleven people already arrived, and five coming by the night train. Quite a crowd and I dread the responsibility. I was told to take special care of you," she added, putting her pretty white hand on my arm.

"Kathleen is so vexed not to see you, though if the poor cousin recovers or dies even, she will be back before you leave.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, as a tall man entered, "this is Miss Russell, and here's

Digitized by Google

Roger, and I've just been explaining everything to them."

I barely had time to shake hands with Mr. Trevor, before his sister carried me off, saying I must be dreadfully tired, and must rest before dinner.

"And your maid shall take you some tea at once," she added.

I felt nervous again; oh, why had I come to such a grand house, where they evidently expected me to be equally grand!

"I am so sorry," I began, "but I have not brought one. I am really not——"

Mrs. Terry interrupted me.

"Then you're just like your sister. I remember Kathleen telling me about her funny independent ways. How anyone can ever move without a maid, I can't imagine," she said, laughing, as she showed me into my room.

"Oh! Brown"—addressing a housemaid who was unfastening my box. "Miss Russell has left her maid behind her, so you must do everything for her. And dinner is at half-past eight," she added, as she left me.

What *did* she mean about Louise, I wondered; and why didn't Louise tell her that, as a family, we do not keep maids and valets?

However, I was much too tired to keep on wondering, and was soon enjoying a rest and a novel, while Brown unpacked my things and put my evening dress out. In my anxiety not to be late, I was in the drawing-room, as I thought, first. But a voice from the conservatory, which opened of one of the windows, showed me that someone else was as early.

"Lucky chap to get first innings with the heiress," I heard.

"Mrs. Terry said her sister-in-law had asked you up especially to meet her. Mrs. Trevor is evidently very anxious to get you comfortably settled. Wish she'd do as much for me."

Who was the heiress, I wondered, and when had Captain le Grand had time to meet her—for it was he who came out of the conservatory during this last remark, followed by another man whom he introduced as Mr. Monteith.

They both looked rather uncomfortable when they first saw me; but the room was filling by this time, and much, to my relief, Captain le Grand was told off to take me in to dinner.

It was a very cheery meal, and I soon felt my expected shyness quite unnecessary.

Captain le Grand was certainly very nice and easy to get on with. He evidently thought I went about a good deal, as he remarked it was strange he had never met me anywhere in town; and when I told him I had not been out much, he said apologetically, "Of course not. How stupid of me. You haven't had time to do many seasons yet, I expect."

Mother always says I look about eighteen, instead of twenty-one.

Once I caught Mr. Monteith looking at us with evident amusement. Perhaps he thought I was expecting to cut out the heiress!

In the drawing-room, when we ladies had all come in from dinner, I felt my frock fade into insignificance beside the other smart dresses; but it was rather a satisfaction to my pride to hear Mrs. Terry ask who had made the dress I had on when I arrived.

"I hope you don't mind my asking," she went on, "but it was such a perfect fit, and it's very rarely I can get a coat and skirt that doesn't hang like a clothes bag."

I said the tailor's name, and she nodded her head.

"Thought so," she said. "Would that we were all Miss Russells!" and a girl who was listening, remarked in an envious tone, "Ah, I only wish *I* could afford him."

I explained how it was I had been to him.

"A character prize!" cried Mrs. Terry.

"Come here, Roger," for the men were coming in from the dining-room, and Captain le Grand was making his way towards us—"Miss Russell has actually got a prize because her character is so wonderful. Get her to tell you all about it," and the bright little woman hurried off to start fresh conversations and make more introductions.

Our conversation was soon interrupted by our host, who came and seated himself by me.

"I am so sorry my wife is not here," he said. "She was most anxious to meet you; she is so fond of your sister, and has been ever since they were at school together. It was through their old schoolmistress, by the way, that we found out your present address."

I did not like to say that I never remembered having heard of a schoolfellow of Louise's marrying a Mr. Trevor—it would look as if I was so very forgetful—so I made some remark about their kindness in inviting me, adding, "But doesn't my sister ever write to Mrs. Trevor?"

"Very rarely. I believe they are both equally bad correspondents, though as firm friends as ever when they meet. It was

Google

through a mutual friend we heard that Miss Russell had gone to Switzerland."

"Round the world," I corrected, smiling.

"Really?" he said, looking puzzled. "I understood she had gone on a mountaineering expedition with some cousins."

There was a general movement for bed just then, and I went up, thinking that Mr. Trevor evidently had as bad a memory about his wife's friends, as I had about my sister's. And then I fell a-thinking of a pair of deep blue eyes, and a voice saying, "Good night, Miss Russell, and I shall look forward very much to the first and third drives to-morrow."

The first and third drives certainly did prove very nice.

I went into a real lord's butt for one drive; but he turned out to be very uninteresting, and a bad shot.

Captain le Grand was neither.

I found Mr. Monteith rather amusing.

He wanted to know what I thought of Captain le Grand, and then he told me quite a lot about him—how he had no near relations, only the old uncle with whom he lived when away from his regiment, and who, unfortunately, had threatened to leave his money elsewhere if his nephew married anyone but an heiress.

"The uncle is a mercenary old beggar," Mr. Monteith went on. "He thinks that there's no happiness in married life without money on both sides. I believe some people think a thing called "love" is preferable. But heiress or not, any girl ought to give her head to marry Roger—he's such a thundering good chap," concluded his friend, trying to look as if he did not mean anything personal.

Yet I thought somehow that he did.

Surely he did not think I was an heiress! Or was he merely warning me that no one but an heiress had a chance? I was puzzled altogether; but the next few days were so blissfully happy that I soon forgot every other fact except that for the first time in my life I had fallen in love. I was living in the present, and, coward that I was, I could not make up my mind to tell Captain le Grand I was not the heiress he ought to be looking out for.

After the first week I began to think he had found it out for himself, for there was a distinct change in his manner. He seemed to try and avoid me, and yet I could not help thinking he rather liked me. Somehow, too, I could not believe that mercenary considerations would have any weight with him. Still, there was that old uncle, and he might feel bound to try and please him.

I happened to be sitting beside him at dinner a few nights before my visit was to come to an end, and we seemed to get back rather more to the old friendly terms.

Looking at my dress, he asked if it was "the sweet black dress" he had heard of before he knew me.

"Gwen is very silly," I said hastily, feeling most uncomfortable.

Then he *had* heard her remark!

My other next-door neighbour asked me a question then, and as I turned to reply I heard Captain le Grand say to himself, "No one but an honourable or a lord has any business to apply, or any chance either, I suppose."

Was he still thinking of Gwen's silly remark, I wondered; and I made up my mind to ask him what he meant the next time I saw him alone.

"I didn't mean you to hear that," he said, as we sat in his butt next day, waiting for the birds to appear, then he added abruptly, "Do you think a man a cur who asks a girl to marry him, if she has money and he has nothing much to offer her?"

The remark seemed *apropos* of nothing, and I didn't know exactly how to answer it.

"Not if the girl shows she cares for the man," I said; and as he looked up at me, I changed the subject as best I could, for I felt I must keep him from saying anything which he might regret afterwards.

I hastily pulled a slip of paper from my pocket.

"I promised to show you this long ago," I laughed, "but have always forgotten to bring it out. Don't think too badly of me after reading it," and I handed him the character he had asked to see the evening Mrs. Terry had told him about it.

He read it in silence.

Then "excellent and economical manager," he quoted, "could turn her hand to anything, and would be happier in a cottage with simple surroundings than to live in luxury."

"Rather impossible for you to be happy then," he said drily.

"Not at all," I answered steadily. "A doctor's children—when there are seven of them, and he is not well known—do not usually enjoy much luxury. In fact, you may be interested to hear I have to work for my living."

"What!" he said, putting down his gun, and bending forward till he almost touched the little camp-stool on which I was sitting.

Digitized by Google

"You are not one of the Miss Russells the millionaire's daughters?"

He scarcely gave me time to answer; and I don't think I will relate, even if I could, what happened in the next ten minutes.

"The more I loved you, the more I felt I could not ask you to marry me," Roger said presently. "Before I knew you, it was easy enough to laugh over Mrs. Trevor's matrimonial schemes, but afterwards I made up my mind I must go away and try to forget you, for I knew you would think I was after your wretched money." Then he added, "It won't be a cottage after all; even without my uncle's help, I can manage something better than that for my darling."

A discreet cough from behind.

Getting hastily up, we found to our dismay that the drive was over, and from our butt not one shot had been fired.

Everyone seemed very busy picking up the birds, when we appeared, and nobody seemed to have noticed anything unusual. We were grateful accordingly; but that every member of the party was a clever actor, was evinced by Mr. Monteith's remark as he walked down the hill with Roger. "Everyone wants to know if they are to congratulate you old chap, and I want to be the first."

Everyone did congratulate us, but I was feeling miserable. A letter from Louise had been awaiting me, which ran as follows:

DEAR OLD JO,—What on earth are you doing at Cannoth Castle. I have never met your host and hostess. The only Trevor I know is an old maid who lives at Harrogate. It must be some fearful mistake. There was a girl at school before I went there called Russell, whose father afterwards made a fortune in diamonds. Do you think they may have mistaken you for a younger sister of hers?

I managed to tell Roger about the letter during dinner, and afterwards he and I sought our host to tell him what an impostor I was.

"You are not one of the Miss Russells, the millionaire's daughters?"

To our surprise, and to my great relief—Mr. Trevor cut short my trembling and involved explanation with a hearty laugh.

"It's an excellent comedy of errors," he said, "which has resulted in our having as a guest a charming lady whom we should not otherwise have had the pleasure of knowing. And now I feel free to tell you that I heard from my wife a day or two ago, saying she had just had a letter from Miss Russell, who said her sister had joined her in Switzerland a week before. It was all evidently a mistake on the part of the worthy old schoolmistress."

"A lucky mistake for me," said Roger.

And as old Colonel le Grand happened to take a fancy to me, Roger and I will not fare so badly after all.

Digitized by Google

The Queer Side of Eclipses.

By Hector Grainger.

Precisely a week after this article has made its appearance, the great event of the month will have taken place. I allude to the eclipse of the sun, which everyone will be waiting with anxiety to see on the afternoon of the 28th. Since September 2nd 1870 this eclipse is the most considerable seen from the British Islands, and let us hope that the day will be a cloudless one, such an opportunity occurring very seldom in a single lifetime. Spain of all European countries is the one where the eclipse will make the best show; for there it will be total, and many expeditions from this country have been sent to the Peninsula, and are now eagerly awaiting the great day. The last total eclipse in Spain was in the year 718 A.D., and this was perhaps the most magnificent within memory. It lasted no less than three hours, during which time the stars were visible in all parts of the sky.

With the exception of an earthquake, a solar eclipse is probably the most awe-inspiring of all natural phenomena. and though to-day we of civilised Europe await its coming with no stronger emotion than curiosity, a little over two hundred years ago, it was the cause of the most lively terror, not only in such benighted countries as France and Germany, but also in Merrie England. We regarded it with much the same feelings as must have moved Adam when watching the first sunset. John Evelyn has a very suggestive note in his diary. On the 29th of February 1652, he reports, as follows: "To-day was that celebrated eclipse of the sun so much spoken of by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly anyone would work or stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers."

On February 25th 1589, was another partial eclipse, and this time its effects were still more sensational. It occurred on a Sunday, when most people were at church and many preachers made good use of the golden opportunity. The end of the world, they said, had come at last, and so scared were the people that thousands flocked into the open country, women fainting, men praying, and prophets waxing eloquent, until after a few hours the sun reappeared in a cloudless sky—then everybody went home again, feeling no doubt a little foolish.

However, all this sort of thing is over so far as we are concerned, but outside Christian lands an eclipse is still regarded in many countries as a very terrifying occurrence. Let us take China, first of all—and indeed, China should be taken first, for is not the Chinese

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

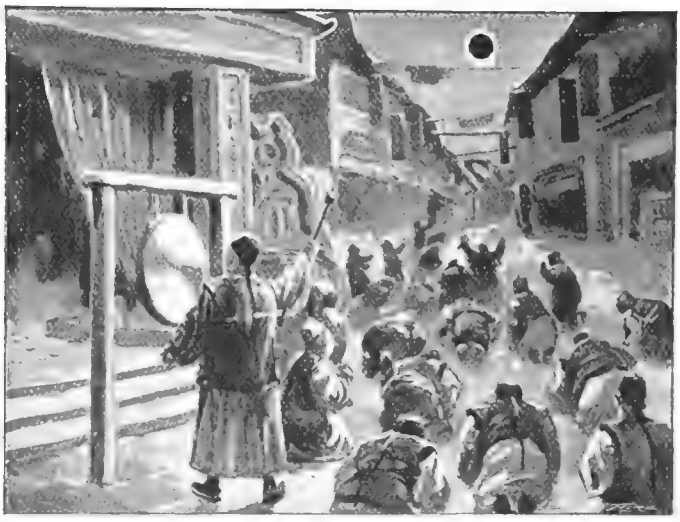
Digitized by Google

Emperor the Son of Heaven? This being the case, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that the Chinese should have been the foremost astronomers of antiquity. It is said that they had foretold a series of eclipses extending over no less than 3,858 years, and foretold them with more or less accuracy. Over 2000 B.C. the Emperor Hoang-Ti formed what is called the Mathematical Tribunal, whose chief motive for existence was to predict eclipses. The Tribunal is still in force at the present time, and the members are made responsible with their lives for the accuracy of their predictions. To-day, of course, mistakes occur but rarely, but a few hundred years ago it was different; the astronomers lacked modern instruments, and inaccuracies frequently occurred. On one occasion they seemed to have been entirely at fault, and when the great day arrived and the sun passed into darkness—behold! the Tribunal seated at feast, and in that peculiar physical condition when everything seems tumbling about one. Such a crime was unpardonable, and next day the whole Tribunal were executed with that drastic swiftness which characterises the yellow races. In the reign of the great Emperor Timur a similar occurrence seems to have taken place, but Timur was evidently a man of humor, and when various influential friends of the unfortunate members of the Tribunal stated, as an excuse for the criminal error, that the heavens had changed their motion in order to create a diversion for the King's pleasure, Timur shrugged his shoulders, and without telling them outright that they were a pack of humbugs, sent them home with orders to set the sky to rights again.

To-day in most provinces and towns of the Celestial Empire a solar eclipse is the cause of mighty commotion. The inhabitants flock out into the streets and go through all manner of antics, beating gongs and kettle-drums, screaming, falling on their knees, and rubbing their foreheads against the ground. For is not the sun being eaten up by the Great Celestial Dragon? Only make plenty of noise and the dragon will take himself off before he has quite managed to swallow the

In many Turkish towns during an eclipse the people believe the arch-enemy of Allah is trying to steal the sun, and they make a great hullabaloo in order to frighten the thief away.

Digitized by Google

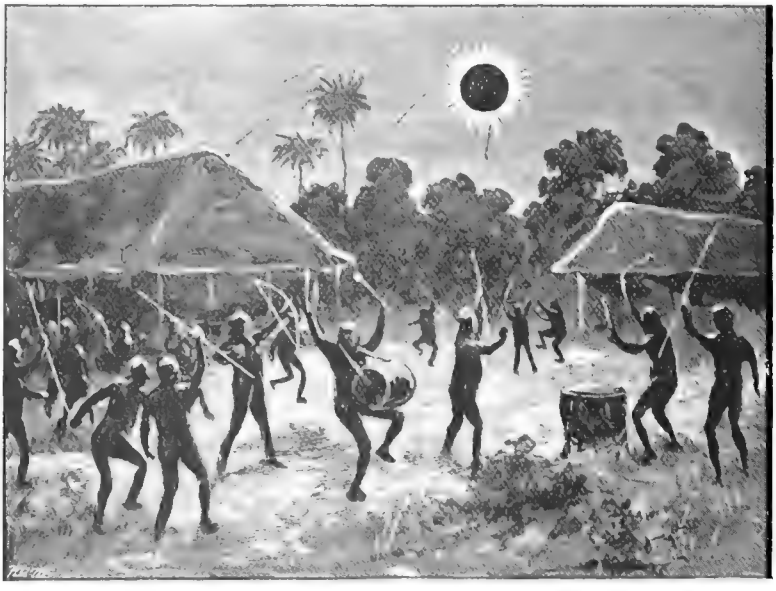


The Chinese are terribly alarmed during an eclipse. They believe the Great Celestial Dragon is attempting to swallow the sun, and they rub their foreheads on the ground and scream in fear.

vast orb. Now it must not be supposed that only the ignorant people take part in these extraordinary rites. The *savants* of China who know very well that the dragon is all nonsense, make as much noise as anybody. To make a noise is the proper thing to do on such occasions—it has been done for thousands of years, and we all know that the Chinese, no matter of what rank, stick to their old customs, however absurd these may be.

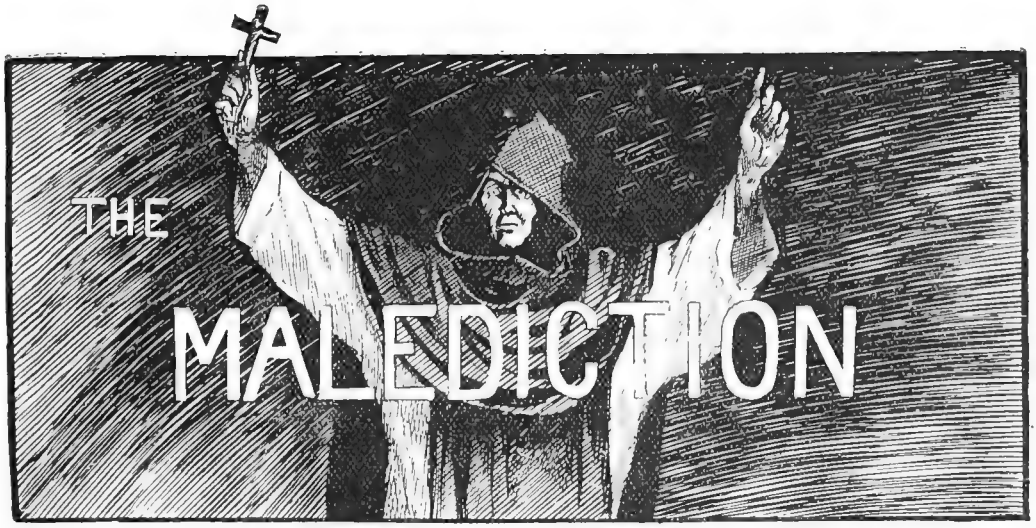
A custom somewhat similar obtains among the Arawaks of Brazil, but they, instead of seeking to frighten the moon, whom they say is the devourer, are bold enough to assault her. Arrows are shot, and spears flung into the sky, and when at last the shadow passes from the sun, the Arawaks trot home again fully persuaded that the moon has succumbed to their valour. Another tribe in South America, called the Naupès, if I mistake not, have an original and most ingenious explanation of eclipses whether of sun or moon. It is a quarrel, they say, between these two celestial bodies—a quarrel which it has been decided to terminate in single combat. This will never do. What if the moon kills the sun or *vice versâ*? The fight must be stopped before any serious injury has been done. So the natives yell to the tops of their voices in order to distract the attention of the combatants; and strange to relate, this method is invariably successful, both the sun and the moon coming out of the conflict uninjured.

But why go to America and China when superstitions of this nature still exist in Europe? In many Turkish towns eclipses are regarded with fear, and the inhabitants, believing that the Arch-enemy of Allah is pocketing the sun in order to hang it upon the roof of his gloomy abode, make a tremendous hullabaloo, and even shoot rifles at the invisible thief.



The Arawaks of Brazil believe the moon is attempting to eat the sun, and only by firing arrows and casting spears at the moon can they save the orb of day.

Digitized by Google



By Rafael Sabatini.

I stood erect and defiant, the point of my sword—to which the rash fool's blood still clung—resting upon my boot, and with cold contempt in my glance, I let my eyes wander over the score of idle dogs that encircled me—dogs that barked, yet dared not bite.

Two of them had raised my vanquished and unconscious opponent from the ground, and were endeavouring to staunch the blood which spurted freely from the wound I had given him. The others stood around us in a circle, growling and snarling like the curs they were, but taking care to keep beyond my reach.

"It is a nasty wound, Mein Herr," said one of those who tended the fallen man.

"The quarrel was of his own seeking," I exclaimed, angrily, "and he received his wound in fair fight. If there be one here who says that it is not so, to him I'll answer that he lies, and prove it upon his body if he dare to come forth and play the man."

Their snarling was arrested by the fierceness of my tone and gesture, and albeit their looks were black and sullen enough, their tongues were silent.

I vented my contempt in a harsh laugh of derision.

"So, my masters," I said, sheathing my sword and moving towards a point where the rabble was thinnest, "since none disputes my word, I pray you let me hence."

A way was opened at my approach. Not for me—as I had thought at first—but for another.

A tall, spare man, in the brown habit of a Capuchin monk, and with the cowl drawn over his head, elbowed his way through to where I stood.

His deep-set eyes met mine, and for a moment he held my gaze with a look of mingled sorrow and anger.

"So! You have been at your foul work again, Master von Huldenstein," he said in even, solemn tones that brought the blood to my face.

"You presume upon the safety of your sack-cloth," I answered hotly.

"And you, you presume upon the death of the Duke of Retzbach," he retorted with a show of righteous indignation. "When the Duke lived the edict was enforced, and men of your kidney were appalled from the ways of murder by the grim shadow of the Schwarzenbaum gibbet. But take heed, sir," he continued, raising his voice, "you shall not pursue your accursed trade with impunity. I will appeal to the King if need be, and you shall learn that there is still justice and retribution in Schwerlingen."

White with passion I stepped up to him, but he brushed me aside with a gesture almost of scorn, and my tongue—usually so nimble—clove to my teeth.

He bent over the unconscious man, whilst I looked on quivering with rage, and vainly racking my brain for a fitting answer.

Presently he turned to me again with flashing eyes.

"This man may die, sir," he cried. Do you hear me? He may die!"

"Then do your shaveling's trade, and shrive him," I answered with callous cynicism.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

Wonder and indignation seemed to choke his utterance for a moment. Then—

"Oh, God will punish you, you son of Cain," he exclaimed. "Your own murderous sword shall work your undoing, and if ever in your wasted life there should open out a way for better things"—he raised his right hand aloft, and his gaunt frame seemed to dilate and grow before my fascinated eyes—"may your accursed sword prove an insuperable barrier. In such an hour, if ever it should come to you, may God's curse strike you, and may His vengeance lay you low!"

A shudder ran through the crowd, as much at the words as at the frightful tone in which they were delivered, and many crossed themselves as if that monk had been the Devil.

"Silence, priest," I muttered, stepping close up to him, with my eyes on his. "Do not drive me to do that which I might regret hereafter."

"Hence, hence!" he retorted boldly enough. "There is more already on your soul than—"

He stopped abruptly. Almost unconsciously I had half drawn my dagger, and his eyes caught the glitter of steel. The colour left his cheeks, and he fell back mumbling some Latin fragments.

I laughed at his sudden fears, and pushing back my poniard I turned to depart. The crowd made a way for me in silence, and thus I passed out of his presence. I retraced my way to the city, which half-an-hour earlier I had left in the company of him who now lay between life and death, tended by a vulgar rabble and a Capuchin monk.

The sun was setting as I passed beneath the arch of the Heinrichsthor, and little did I dream of all that would come to pass before it rose again, or of how the dawn would find me.

I stalked moodily along towards the inn of the *Sword and Crown*, where, methought, I was likely to find an evening's entertainment.

"May God's curse strike you, and His vengeance lay you low!"

In my heart I carried many an evil thought against the priest who had dared to beard me in public, and launch upon my head his puerile malediction, but scarcely one for the poor wretch I had transfixed, and who—for aught I knew or cared—might die before morning.

From the scene of my encounter to the *Sword and Crown* inn I had come direct, and at a fair pace, yet the news of what had taken place was there before me. Even as I set my foot upon the lintel, old Armstadt came hurrying forward, his wonted suave and obsequious manner laid aside and replaced by a

Digitized by Google

rude and offensive bearing that was new to me.

"Not into my house, Master von Huldenstein," he cried, harshly, barring my way with his burly frame. "You shall find no fresh victims beneath my roof."

This was plain speaking — and from a scullion to whose house I had brought endless custom! *Herrgott!* had I lived to be refused admittance to a tavern, and insulted by a gutter-bred wine-seller?

"*Sacrament!* You do not mince your words, you knave. Stand aside!" I thundered, advancing a step.

But he did not budge.

"This house is mine," he answered insolently, "and mine it is to guard its reputation. Shall I have it said that the *Sword and Crown* is a harbour for assassins and deriders of priests? Away with you!"

For a moment I looked about me in doubt, anger bidding me punish the insolent hound as he deserved, prudence telling me to begone.

Three or four passers-by had already stopped, curious to see the outcome of this unusual altercation. To own myself beaten and withdraw beneath their eyes was hurtful to my pride. And yet, to linger and persist in a desperate endeavour might provoke a scene from which withdrawal would be still more humiliating.

With a dull feeling of baffled rage, I realised that I must go; and so I went with the best show of dignity I could muster, and watching to see if any of the onlookers dared to comment upon my going. By my soul, if one of them had so much as smiled I would have picked a quarrel with him. But knowing me, they were wise, and let me go in peace.

Clearly I realised as I quitted the threshold of the *Sword and Crown*, how the wine-shop was from that hour symbolical to me of the attitude of all Schwerlingen. The town was closed to me. Go where I might the same reception would await me. To remain in the capital of Sachsenberg I must starve, and starving is an unpleasant occupation.

I realised to the full how much the Capuchin's malediction was accountable for this, and in my heart I repaid that meddling monk with curse for curse.

A pretty situation, truly! And yet not unexpected. Long ago I had foreseen that such would be the end of the vile life I had led, ever since my father had thrust me from his house in just and righteous anger.

Aye, I had seen it coming. Step by step I had come down the steep incline of knavery and dishonour, clearly beholding that which lay below, yet never striving by a single effort to stay my infamous descent. Possibly the devil had courted a greater blackguard, probably he had not.

Was there any degradation left through the mire of which I might still drag the proud old name of Huldenstein and my besmirched escutcheon? Methought not. I was like a man who had sunk into a morass—too deep to ever extricate himself, too firmly gripped to be able to push on, and for whom there is no choice but to await the end in the foul spot he has floundered upon.

But if I must wait, I would not wait in Schwerlingen where I was known, and where every glance bestowed upon me would henceforth be an insult. I must go at once! Go *where?*

This was indeed an unanswerable question.

Then a sudden longing seized me. A longing to behold again the castle of my father in the province of Hattau, the home that had once been mine and that belonged to all who bore my name, saving myself—the outcast. I grew suddenly eager to see those from whom I had been separated twelve years ago.

There was my old father. Who could tell?—perchance old age had softened his heart, and the approach of death would cast a forgiving mood upon him. There were my sisters; Esther, the eldest—she would be grey by now—and little Stephanie, who cried the night I left the castle. Then there was Fritz. Would he still remember the big brother who had been the first to teach him to sit a horse and hold a sword? I shook my head in doubt. Twelve years had slipped away since then, and Fritz was a boy of ten in those far-off days. He would be a grown man ere now!

As I brooded over all these things the resolve grew strong within me. I would go. I would set out at once! Then suddenly I came to a standstill, and a groan escaped me.

How was I to go? I had no horse—I had sold my last one a fortnight before; I had no money; I might almost say that I had no raiment. The very doublet on my back was threadbare and worn to its extremity; my breeches were in no better plight, and my boots were such as any groom might blush to own.

And yet go I must, and, by the Mass, go I *would*—aye even if—. Horror-stricken I checked the ugly thought. A while ago I thought there was no quality of dishonour

Digitized by Google

"Shall I have it said that the 'Sword and Crown' is a harbour of assassins and deriders of priests?"

that I had not tasted. I was mistaken; there was still one. I might still become a thief, and demand money at the sword point. But I could not do it! I was still something of a Huldenstein!

Then I laughed—or was it through my lips, perchance, that the very devil mocked my better self? I know not. Suffice it that I derided my own scruples. I had grown over-nice in my conscience of a sudden, that I shrank from wresting an over-loaded purse from some rich fool who would not miss it. I had done deeds as foul if in a different way. Why should I stop at this? To a man whose honour was clean, it would be indeed, impossible; but to me— Bah! 'Twas the only course, and it would lead me—home.

I had wandered aimlessly through the streets during my ill-starred musings, and meanwhile night had fallen and it had grown late. The air I clearly recollect was sharp and frosty, although we were in April.

I came to a halt before the Church of St. Oswald, and stood for a moment with bent head, whilst the Tempter wrestled with my Guardian Angel. For the nonce the Spirit of Evil was overcome, and I turned at length, and wended my way towards the dismal house in the Mondstrasse, wherein I occupied a room on the ground floor. My way lay through the Northern quarter of the town, in which no lamps were hung until Wallenheim became minister in 1645—two years later than the events I now set down. There was a fair moon, however, and the sky being clear, the light was tolerably good—would that it had been otherwise!

I turned the corner of the Mondstrasse with a brisk step, and was already within fifty paces of my own door, when my attention was drawn to a tall cavalier approaching from the opposite end of the narrow street. His cloak fluttered behind him in the breeze, and the silver lace on his doublet glinted in the

Digitized by Google

moonlight. That it was that, coupled with his stately bearing, made me suppose him a bird worth plucking, and—again fostering the vile intention which awhile ago I had stifled—drove me back into the shadow of a doorway.

I glanced up and down the street. Not another being was in sight. Absolute silence reigned, saving only the ring of his spurred heel on the uneven pavement. Of a truth the devil was in the business to deliver him thus into my hands!

I felt the hot blood surging to my head—driven there by shame for myself and the vile act which circumstances seemed impelling me to perform. The air was full of mocking sounds, even the faint rustling of the wind seemed to hum the word "thief" about my ears.

I loosened my sword in its scabbard and stood waiting. How slowly he came! I put my hand to my brow, and withdrew it moist with perspiration—the cold perspiration of horror. Pshaw! I was a fool, a sickly coward! Life is a game and the dice had fallen against me.

He was abreast of me, walking with bent head, and humming softly as he went.

Deaf to the last appealing cry of honour and conscience, I sprang out from the shadow, and drawing my sword I set the point against his breast, and barred his way.

He looked up, throwing back his head like a horse that has been suddenly reined in, and showed me a thin, aquiline countenance and pointed beard.

His lips parted, but before he could speak——

"If you utter a cry, as God lives, I'll drive this home!" I said fiercely.

He set his arms akimbo, and with his head slightly on one side, he eyed me with cool disdain.

"You are a bold knave," he murmured in tones that were light with easy banter, "but you are presumptuous. Holy Virgin, do I look like a woman, that you fear I shall cry for help at the sight of a single scare-crow?"

"Bravely and most wisely spoken, O fool!" I answered, stung not a little by his attitude and words. "Maintain that reasonable frame of mind, and our business will soon be settled."

He smiled serenely, the condescending, tolerant smile that a great lord might bestow upon a horseboy.

"You speak of business, may I inquire its nature?"

"Your purse and jewels. Quick!"

"If that be all," he said, composedly, drawing a couple of rings from his fingers, "we need waste no time."

He held out the trinkets, and I put forth my hand to receive them, keeping my eyes on his the while. One of the rings dropped into my palm, the other brushed against the edge of my hand, and fell to the ground. Instinctively I attempted to follow it with my

Before he could recover I had run him through from breast to back.

Google

eyes. That was my undoing. Quick as lightning, he availed himself of my momentary inattention, and knocking up my sword, he sprang back with a laugh.

Before I quite realised what had taken place, and the trick that had been played upon me, he had whipped out his rapier and thrown himself into a defensive attitude.

"Now, my master," he jeered, "I am in a better position to discuss with you the question of right to my purse—if, indeed," he added with fine scorn, "you be still minded to pursue the argument."

I was loath to do it, but there was no help. Courage, or rather the contempt of death, which only those who own a worthless life can know—was the last semblance of a virtue left me. To be held a coward, even in the estimation of one who knew me not, I would not suffer.

My sword clattered against his, and there we stood, engaged, with every nerve alert, and every muscle ready. Then of a sudden the priest's malediction recurred to me, and struck a chill through me. Was that glittering point that danced before me in the moonlight, destined to carry out the Capuchin's curse?

I shook the grim thought from me. Indeed, he forced me to it. It would need all my wit and strength if I would keep my life, for if ever Caspar von Huldenstein met his match 'twas then.

Up and down that silent street we went in our fierce combat, with set teeth and sterterous breathing. Trick after trick I essayed wherewith to circumvent his guard, and yet, for all he had a parry and a counter. Moreover the light was bad and the ground uncertain. But in the end I coaxed him to attempt a lengthy lunge; I swerved aside; he overreached himself, and before he could recover I had run him through from breast to back.

"In God's name, who are you?" I cried.

He sank down at my feet with a stifled groan, and there lay still.

I glanced about me with a feeling that was near akin to dread. There was no one in sight.

Then I knelt down beside him, and scarce knowing what I did, I completed my vile task, and stripped him of his jewels and a heavy purse. I arose staggering to my feet, and looked again fearfully about me. For a moment it occurred to me to attempt to dress his wound; but I dismissed the notion. I knew the nature of the hurt from the course my sword had taken. Why prolong his agony?

Next a wild panic seized me, and I fled madly down the street to my miserable lodging, which was but a dozen paces from the spot where he lay.

Google

The door was locked, and I had not the courage to knock, lest whoever came to open should see the figure on the ground. I struck my hand against the window. It proved to be unfastened, and opened to my touch. A moment later I stood in my room, shivering with the full consciousness of the foul deed. I flung away the purse as if it burnt me. My God, what had I done? Would I ever dare to go home now, and clasp my father's honourable hand in mine—mine that was now soiled with this double crime? How long I stood there thinking over what I had done, and sorrowing that it was not I who lay out yonder, I cannot tell.

Ah! Shall I ever forget those terrible moments? Shall I ever forget how the sudden realisation of the long career of sin and debauchery that lay behind me—the career that had culminated in the vile act just committed—how it overcame me and shook me with a strange, unknown terror—a feeling that the monk's malediction had in truth been the malediction of God? No; all this I am certain to remember until my dying day. Nor shall I ever forget how those dreadful fears for a moment passed away to give place to old memories that were as beautiful as they were sad. I lived fleetingly through the years which had preceded my downfall; and it was just those placid, trivial hours, when we neither enjoy deeply nor are deeply pained, that came back to me with such poignant force. For are they not the happiest hours of life—those hours of mere peace and content? All this swept through my brain in a few moments, and once again the present, with its peril and crime, returned, and, rousing myself with an effort, I crossed the room and groped for the tinder box. With trembling hands I struck the flint perhaps a dozen times before I succeeded in lighting the taper that stood upon the table. I flung myself down on the nearest chair, and burying my face in my hands, I sat there until a light tap at the door made my heart stand still. I sprang up to listen. Perchance I had been seen, and the guard had been summoned. If it were so—who knew?—perchance the monk would make his appeal to the king, and the edict would be enforced. I should die the felon's death at the hangman's hands, and then truly would his malediction fall upon me.

Then I laughed at my fears. Pshaw! The law came not with so timid a knock. Again I heard it, and unable to endure the suspense, I seized the taper, and went to the door. As I opened it a body fell across the lintel. It was my whilom opponent, and at the sight of him I shuddered, beset by a thousand fears.

He must indeed be a man of strong vitality to have dragged himself thus far. Was it mere chance that brought him to my door? It must be so.

Quick, before he could raise his eyes, I had let the taper fall and extinguished it with my foot. Then I knelt beside him and raised his head.

"Thanks, friend," he murmured faintly. "The light from your window guided me hither. I am dying. I was set upon by a robber in the street. He has given me my death wound in exchange for what money I possessed."

"Let me see to it," I answered, dissembling my voice.

"'Tis useless; you will but waste time, and I have not many moments left. Listen, I have something to say."

He paused for a moment, then—

"Do you know in this Schwerlingen a man named Huldenstein — Caspar von Huldenstein?"

"I have heard of him," I answered, with a vague tightening at the heart.

"Then seek him out. Tell him—tell him that he is now the Lord of Huldenstein. Tell him that his father died a week ago, and, dying, forgave him all. With his last breath he charged me with this message, and I came hither rejoicing that I might convey to one who, I believe, is destitute the news of his altered fortunes. As you see, he will never hear the message from my lips, but promise me that you will deliver it to him to-morrow. Promise me!"

"In God's name, who are you?" I cried.

"I am Fritz von Huldenstein, his brother," he gasped. He added something which I did not catch, then his head fell forward, and he lay still in my arms. I dimly recollect how—almost bereft of reason—I relighted the taper, and closely scanned the face of my dead brother, seeking to find some traces of the features of the boy I had known and loved. Then I flung away the light, and with a wild, mad shriek I fled from the house leaving the door wide open.

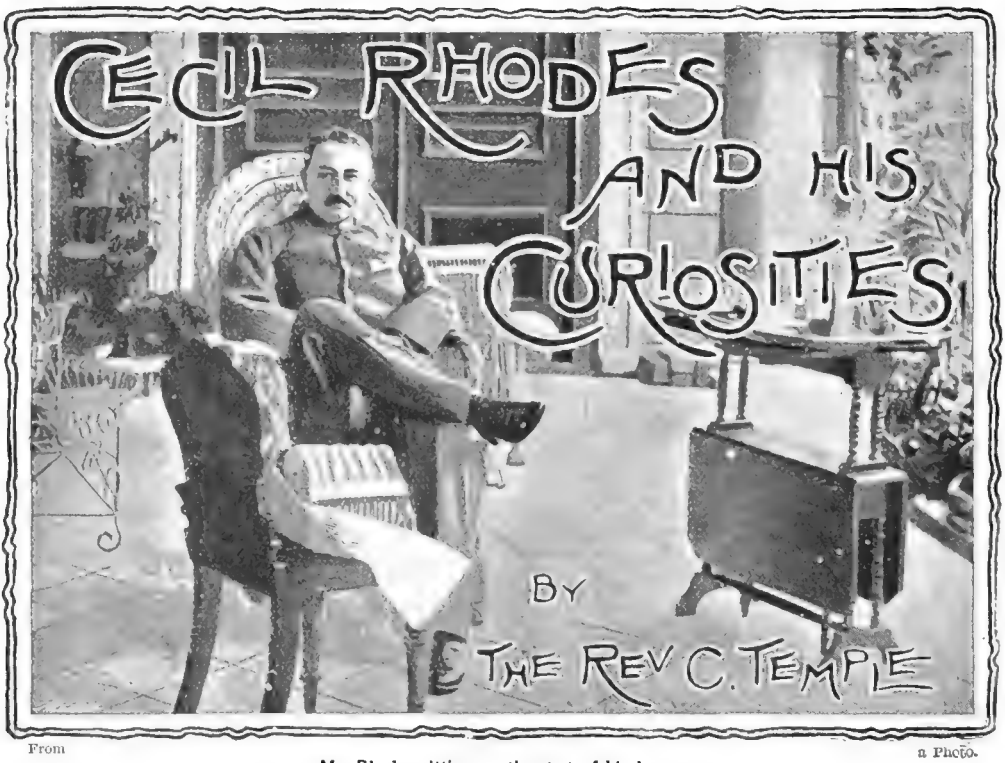
And that is how it came to pass that at sunrise I fell fainting on the threshold of the convent of the Capuchins at Loebli, and that to-day Caspar von Huldenstein is no more.

In his place there is Caspar, the lay brother, who in sack-cloth, with vigils and scourge, with fasting and prayer, seeks to make some atonement for the past, whilst waiting for the hour of his deliverance from the mental anguish for which there is one only cure.

Google

CECIL RHODES AND HIS CURIOSITIES

BY THE REV C. TEMPLE



From a Photo.

Mr. Rhodes sitting on the *stoep* of his house.

At the end of 1896 a friend of mine was in charge of a party of those wounded in the Mashona Rebellion, who were proceeding to Cape Town in order to recruit their health. Upon arriving at Beira he met Mr. Rhodes, who, in the middle of their conversation, received a telegram. Tremblingly the great man opened it, then, with a sigh of relief, said, "Thank God, it's nothing! I thought something was the matter with Jameson!" The wire contained the news that Groote Schuur, Mr. Rhodes's wonderful house in Cape Town, had been burned, and nearly all its priceless possessions destroyed. Still a few were saved, some of which I received permission o photograph.

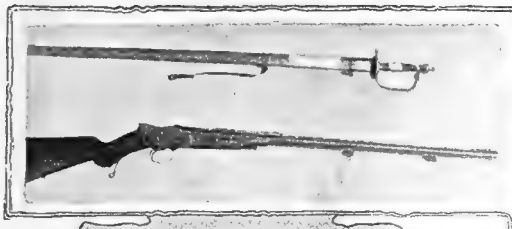
As all students of Cape history are aware, Mr. Rhodes was at one time *persona grata* with the Afrikander Bond, and there was a widespread belief that he was destined to close the breach which for so long has existed between the English and Dutch in South Africa. Apparently he has failed, but this at least can be said: he has a genuine admiration for sterling Dutch qualities, and a passionate love for any relic perpetuating the connection of the Dutch with he Cape. The two silver snuff-boxes belonging to former Governors of the Cape, when it was a Dutch possession, are much prized by him. One celebrates the victory of the Dutch Admiral Loutman, over our own Admiral Parker, on August 17th, 1781. Upon it there are carved the ships of Loutman's Fleet, the flags and names of his captains, and a bellicose inscription. The other box contains the inscription, "De Jan Rodenpoots Foren le Amsterdam, in de Yare, 1772, Johan Willens, Geboren, 1742."

The seal is shewn of the old Waterboer Griqua Republic, a country now known as Griqualand West, and interesting as being the scene of Lord Methuen's severe fighting. The discovery of diamonds in the Waterboer territory made it valuable, and led to bitter discussions between England, the Free State, and the Transvaal.

The seal of the Orange Free State relates to the time when England possessed Sovereign rights over the Republic. British Sovereignty was withdrawn from the territory between the Orange and Vaal rivers in February, 1854, and the inhabitants were left to form a government in any manner that they chose. This

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

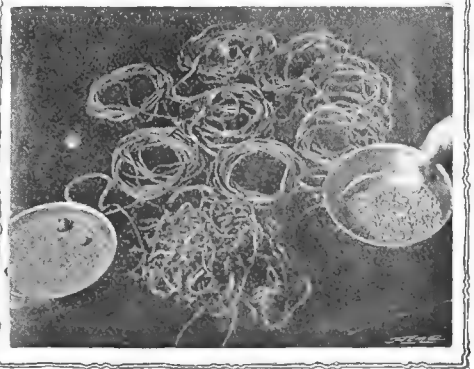
Digitized by Google



MARTINI-HENRY RIFLE GIVEN TO LOBENGULA BY PRES. KRUGER

THE EARRING OF MAKONI THE MASHONALAND REBEL
TWO SETS OF WITCH-DOCTORS' BONES

VASES, BEADS, NUGGETS AND GOLD ORNAMENTS FOUND IN THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND

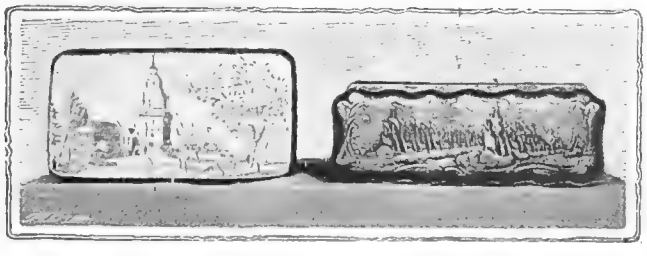


SOLID GOLD WIRE WORK AND BEADS FOUND IN THE ANCIENT RUINS OF MASHONALAND

they did by resolving themselves without a moment's delay into a Republic, which has been maintained up to the present day. This seal bears eloquent testimony to British Sovereignty, for written round the Royal Coat of Arms is the sonorous Latin inscription, "Victoria Dei Gratia Brittania. Reg. F.D."

Most readers will probably remember the downfall of Lo-Bengula, the King of the Matabele, and the substitution of civilised government for the most absolute military despotism in South Africa. Therefore his official seal will possess more than ordinary interest. It is of solid silver, made in the form of an elephant. The matrix, similar in form, has the inscription, "Lo-Bengula, King of Matabele and Mashona Lands."

One of the most curious of Lo-Bengula's treasures is the solid silver drinking-cup in the form of an elephant. This cup was given to the savage chief by the Tati Company, a corporation constituted under Sir John Swinburne in 1868 to prospect for gold in his territory. The savage, but noble owner, was exceedingly proud of this possession, and many a long draught of champagne he had from it. Other interesting curios connected with Lo-Bengula are the two-handled drinking tankard, inscribed upon it being: "U'Lo-Bengula, King of the Amandebele." It holds two quarts, a fact which speaks eloquently for the Chief's thirst. Mr. Rhodes has tried to drain it at one draught, but failed, though not ignominiously.

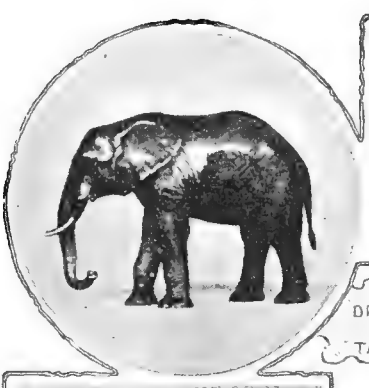


Silver snuff-boxes belonging to former Dutch Governors of Cape Colony.

The King was very fond of smoking a native-grown tobacco called "Inyokagwai," so a few admirers of the dusky potentate presented a pipe to him, sending it out by the Rev. D. Carnegie.

In addition to the handsome

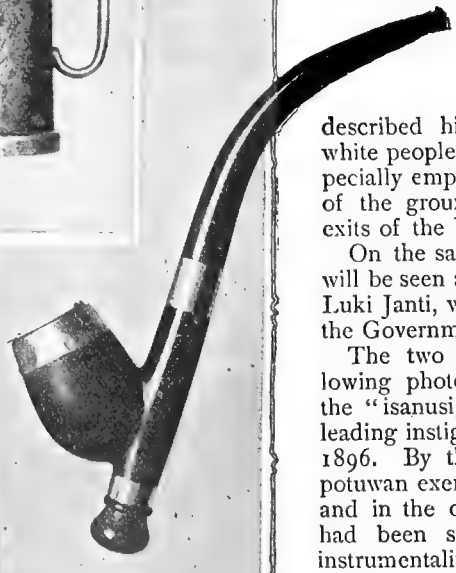
Google



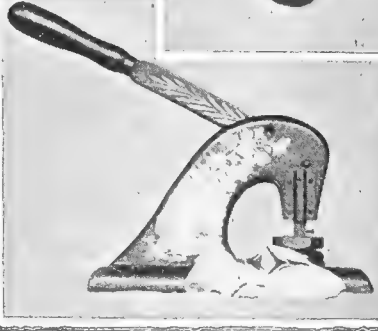
LOBENGULA'S DRINKING CUP GIVEN BY THE TATI Co

OFFICIAL SEALS ORANGE FREE STATE ~WATERBOER~LOBENGULA

LOBENGULA'S DRINKING TANKARD HOLDING 2 QUARTS



LOBENGULA'S PIPE



LOBENGULA'S SEAL PRESS AND BABAAN'S BRACELET

elephant seal above described, Lo-Bengula possessed a lever press seal bearing the same figures. At the base of this press, lying upon an handkerchief, the reader will notice a bracelet. This has a peculiar interest, for it is of gold, and was given by Her Majesty the Queen to Babaan, one of the favourite and most influential 'chiefs' of Lo-Bengula, who came over to England in 1889 as the special envoy of the King. Babaan returned to his country, and in a great "indaba" conference at Bulawayo described his experiences declaring that the white people were most wonderful, and he especially emphasised the fact that they came out of the ground like ants—a reference to the exits of the Underground Railway.

On the same picture with Lo-Bengula's rifle will be seen a sword. It belonged to the Chief, Luki Janti, who was killed in rebellion against the Government of Cape Colony in 1898.

The two sets of bones shown in the following photograph belonged to Umpotuwan, the "isanusi," or witch doctor, who was the leading instigator of the Matabele Rebellion of 1896. By the throwing of these bones, Umpotuwan exercised the power of life and death, and in the old days of Lo-Bengula hundreds had been sentenced to death through their instrumentality.

The remaining photos portray beautiful vases and solid gold beads, ornaments, nuggets, and wirework discovered in the wonderful, ancient ruins of Mashonaland. Mr. Rhodes is especially proud of these, for, to a certain extent, they attest the value of the country which he has opened up. Many, and among them Mr. Rider Haggard, as all who have read his intensely fascinating romance are aware, believe that modern Rhodesia is synonymous with the ancient Monomatapa, the country of Solomon's Mines. Whether this be so or not, Mr. Rhodes points to his golden curios, and says: "Now we know what the ancients worked for! There is work for us, too!"

Google

Birkenhead

By Edward Noble.

"If you have a son, for ever on the dun,
The sort of chap who'd ruin any family;
Take him by the heels, and never mind his squeals,
While you dump him far afield, in a colony."
Songs of McGrabbut.

Noon, and a blazing South African sun falling on the straggling streets, the corrugated iron houses and the dominating refuse heaps stacked by the mines of Kimberley—Kimberley, the home of the diamond and the dumping ground of the world's failures. Noon, and a bummer* standing on the threshold of a millionaire's office.

He was a tall, bearded, sunburned man, clad in the nondescript garb of poverty; in his eyes a look of lassitude, in his step a hint of shuffle, suggesting Cape smoke† or the end of a draggle-tail march; he was dusty, unkempt, haggard; a man to avoid in any lonely roadway, but a common enough species at the headquarters of wealth in a mining centre.

He paused one moment in the vestibule, examining the Company's sign manual, then drew himself together and entered the swinging doors. A dozen clerks were in the office poring over books and files of papers. A notice-card hung on the netting garrisoning the outworks of the counter, carried the legend, "Mail Day." A busy hum came from the farther office and the click of a dozen machines echoed in the sultriness.

The man waited a minute in patience, then, as no one moved, he leaned with his elbows on the counter and called to the nearer desks:

"Say you! tell your boss I want to see him."

A white-faced clerk raised his eyes and motioned with his pen to the card.

"Never you mind," said the man; "whether it is mail day or duff day, but do as you're bid."

The clerk approached from the back of the room, and stood eyeing the intruder. "What do you want?" he questioned. "Mr. Jasper is engaged."

"Is he?" said the man. "Then you tell him I'm waiting to see him;" and he lounged across to a seat.

The clerk advanced to the grille.

"Who shall I say?" he asked, in some trepidation.

The visitor glanced up without concern, and one word left his lips—"Birkenhead." Then he sat down to wait.

Five minutes elapsed. The man was polishing the barrel of his revolver with the corner of an unclean handkerchief, and the clerks, gathered in a group, watched him askance as they speculated on the scanty means at their disposal for ridding the office of similar persons.

When the messenger returned there was a look in his eyes which indicated annoyance; but he advanced to the barrier, unbarred it, and beckoned to the waiting man. "Will you come this way?" he said. "Mr. Jasper will see you at once."

The truculency with which the man had brimmed vanished in a moment; he rose without a word, and followed the other down the passages to the Principal's room. The door was closed upon him.

---

* Loafer. † Whisky.

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd

Digitized by Google

Mr. Jasper had risen from his chair on his visitor's entrance, and as the clerk departed, he advanced with outstretched hand.

"God bless my soul!" he cried; "what's come to you, Callaghan? Why . . . ."

"Stay!" cried the other with a gesture of entreaty; "not that—Birkenhead fits me best these times."

"But, my dear chap . . . ."

"To oblige me, Jasper."

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders, and, pointing to a chair, sank again to his own. "As you will," he replied. "But that does not answer my question. What's come to you?"

Birkenhead flinched, but he held himself erect and replied without hesitation—again in monosyllable.

"Drink."

His friend waited some moments without speech. He watched the ragged specimen keenly, reading him as he would read a book; then, as the silence became irksome, he broke in with an encouraging smile.

"Come," he cried, "your answer tells me you still have courage. To recognise one's own delinquencies is half the battle—to determine to face them and to conquer them is a minor difficulty."

The man's face lighted up; he looked at his prosperous companion with a tinge of amusement.

"There you are wrong," he returned, "I can't determine. I have no will—obstinacy if you like—but no will. You see, I know what's wrong with me; but, I can't face the medicine. Funny case isn't it?"

"There's no such word as 'can't' in the dictionary," said Jasper with a hard intonation.

"In yours, no—in mine, it's well defined."

The millionaire's eyes took a softer gleam, and he leaned forward tapping the arm of his chair.

"By the way," he said, "Sir Julian was here the other day. He is looking old . . sadly old . . I think he would be glad to meet you. He is now at the Cape—won't you meet him half way . . ."

Instantly the unkempt figure drew back. His eyes grew hard and the heavy jaw took a sullen immobility.

"My father did his level best to ruin me," he replied. "I will never meet him."

"That's not pretty talk, old chap."

"Maybe—but I mean it."

"At all hazards?"

"Aye—at all hazards."

"Of course," said Jasper, mindful of that stern, set jaw—"of course, you know me well enough to understand that I don't wish to intrude, to say anything that will give you pain; but I can't forget our friendship—our days at college and all the rest of it. If I can do anything to smooth matters, command

The Lancers clattered through the streets amidst a roar of cheering.

Google

me. God bless my soul, Callaghan, do you think I can see you sitting there in rags and not feel anxious to help you?"

"If by help, you mean money," said the other, "I don't want it. But, if you will do another sort of favour for me I'll be your debtor for ever."

"Go on—tell me what you want."

The man stood up, unbuttoning his seedy coat, and releasing from the buckles a leather belt.

"You see," he said, "I'm not stoney. There's £200 in that belt—my allowance for the next six months—it came to-day. If I keep it," he went on slowly, "it will melt in a week. It has always gone so hitherto—and now, while I'm straight, I ask you to take it. Money is no good to me—I have no use for it. It has been my curse—will you hold it?"

Jasper watched him closely. The sentences tumbled out in jerks, hot and cold. There was a ring of defiance in the voice; a suggestion of tears in the soft, blue eyes; but no hint of determination, no indication of the resolve which seemed so nearly allied to his action.

"I will take charge of it for you—if that is what you mean," said the millionaire. "You can draw on me as you need."

"I shall not want to draw. Invest it in something good . . for Elsie's benefit." He fumbled in his speech, and his voice rang harshly. "I hear," he resumed, "that she is . . to be married. Her father should . . be able . to . send her a bit of a present. . . The first, Jasper, . . the very first, eh?"

He turned to search his pocket, and, drawing thence a soiled copy of the *Cape Times*, found a passage, and placing the paper beside his belt on the table, motioned with his hand. "Read that," he said.

Jasper leaned forward to see. The extract ran thus:

"The marriage of Miss Elsie Callaghan, granddaughter of Sir Julian Callaghan, Bart., of The Firs, Oxted, Bucks, England; and niece of Mr. and Mrs. Barrosa, the well-known Mine Owners, of Kimberley and Johannesburg; to Mr. Horace Stevanage, of The Cottage, Godalming, Surrey, England, has been definitely fixed for the 18th ultimo. The wedding will take place from the house of the bride's uncle, where Sir Julian has recently arrived in order to be present at the ceremony."

Mr. Jasper read carefully to the end; then, rising, came round the table and stood beside his friend.

"I knew," he remarked quietly. "Sir Julian told me when he was here. Stevanage is a good sort. He deserves his luck."

The derelict drew himself stiffly to his full height.

"My daughter," he replied, "knows what is due to her family. She has grit . . . I have none . . . er . . . you will accept the trust, eh, Jasper?"

"I will, my boy."

"Just a line, you know—it might appear in the list—'a present from a . . . friend.' No! no maudlin sentiment; just a word that I may see and understand—savvy?"

He held out his hand, but his friend detained him.

"Wait," he cried. "Where are you going?"

"Bloemfontein."

"It's not safe. In a month we shall be at war."

"I should like to think it possible," said the man with grim sarcasm.

"Pish! I tell you it will come. Shake yourself together—straighten up. Come, you can do it if you try. Stay and have lunch with me, I will see what can be done."

"For me?" he questioned satirically. "I'm all right—let me slide."

"Nonsense. Shake yourself together."

"Can't."

"Can't? Gad! there's no such word."

The derelict reached out his hand and touched his friend lightly on the shoulder. He smiled as he spoke.

"By Jove!" he said. "I wish I could say that."

"You can say it."

"In that tone of voice? Impossible. If I could, I too would be a millionaire."

Then he turned on his heel, clapped his disreputable hat jauntily on his head, and left the office.

In Natal the man was known as Birkenhead. No other patronymic assailed his ears from Durban through to Ladysmith and Bethlehem; but in Bloemfontein, and among the Free State Farmers the name was twisted with a guttural snarl into a thing no rooinek can pronounce.

For fifteen years he had been in this country, a derelict through debt from the British army. Sir Julian Callaghan after many arrangements with his son's creditors had refused any longer to foster his extravagance as he termed it—a discipline which should have been attempted sooner, or not at all. Then Callaghan came with his wife

Digitized by Google

and child to the Cape, where his friends had secured him an appointment.

But the office was not built that could hold him within its walls, the town was not founded that could keep him on its roll of citizenship. Three years at Cape Town saw him permanently a wanderer; his wife dead; his child, a lisping mite of four, installed in his sister's home, and himself in receipt of an 'allowance' on condition that he remained away.

From that time the man drifted steadily and with admirable persistence. Natal, the Free State, and Transvaal had harboured him in turn; but his relatives saw him no more; the very existence of his child, until he stumbled across that message, seemed to have passed from his ken. He knew that he was degraded; that for his child's sake he must remain adrift, dead to the world that had known him; but, when this news came, a great revulsion set in, followed by spells of methodical drinking; until, sobered by poverty, he came down to Tin Jerusalem* to draw his allowance and see his friend.

With Jasper he had always remained in touch; letters from odd corners of the great Continent found their way at long intervals to the millionaire's office; and in them Callaghan usually represented himself in great spirits, on the edge of a big success, and fluent in his denunciation of his father's policy.

Now all this was over. He had seen his friend, had arranged his gift, and was again adrift on the broad rolling veldt, working his way coastwards.

Talk of fighting was in the air; with grim patience he plodded onward, praying that this time at least the thing might be true. War was the only trade he knew; the roar of guns and the thunder of many feet the only music he loved. He hastened on and came to Bethlehem. Here definite news of the impending struggle met him, and he pressed forward; sometimes afoot, sometimes by wagon; sleeping now on the open veldt, now in the stoep of a friendly farmer, until at length he came, lean and gaunt, to the outskirts of Ladysmith.

The town was full of troops. The noise of war sang in his ears, and he listened with a longing that was pitiable in its intensity. He drew down to the camp and for a day sauntered wistfully among the men, formulating plans, breaking them; building castles of redemption; sniffing anew the smells of the life that had been his; forgetful of hunger, forgetful of his irretrievable past, remembering only the dim hope that had come to him.

Towards night, the —th Lancers, his old regiment, clattered noisily through the streets, and passed to the camp amidst a roar of cheering. There rode Jackson, a major now; there rode Stafford Walsingham, Colonel. Gad! he had known them as subalterns and had run with them in the race which had left him broken. Now they were in high command, while he had attained to the level of those camp-followers of theirs; but with less evident purpose.

The sight stirred him as no other could. He felt that thrill of anguish which comes at intervals to the most besotted. His brain was sick with thought. The memories stung him, and he crept away half dazed with the paltriness of his life, until a friendly trooper, noting his wayworn aspect, offered him a drink. Then he turned on his heel and fled swiftly to the town.

Some shillings still remained in hand; enough to procure a scanty meal and a semblance of lodging. He slept that night unballasted by liquor and the morning saw him at the depôt, an accepted trooper of the Natal Light Horse.

Again it was noon, and the burning sun sat high in a cloudless sky. Scarcely a breath of air stirred; a langorous heat-wave shivered over the scorching hills, and in the plain, at their foot, the breath of the red-hot earth rose steadily upward.

Since morning troops of dust-clad warriors had filed slowly out of camp, moving like rows of dusky ants towards the hills. At noon a halt was called, and in a moment the lines broadened, formed in groups, and became motionless. For an hour they remained thus, then the bugles; a settled formation, and the narrowed rows crept onward.

Horse, foot, guns, ambulances, all contributed the crunch of an army slowly debouching on the plain. Dusty-brown men crawling over dusty-brown earth; dusty wagons, dusty guns, whole regiments clad in dust moving steadily forward: all blended with the colour of the country; all pulsed, vigorous in the glare of the pitiless sun.

This for hours, then, as the afternoon waned, little jets of fire leaped from the silent boulders; guns unlimbered, trained, roared. The movement had commenced.

Splutter — Boom-m-m — Whirr — Ping!

* Kimberley.

Digitized by Google

Shells, bullets, a blaze of fire. Ha! The enemy were there. "Guns to the front! Unlimber!" Splutter — Boom-m-m — Whirr! A myriad wasps filled the air. The shells shrieked high in the blue ether; little spurts of flame broke overhead. Thud—Crash! They broke and fell like hail from heaven.

And all the time widespread lines of men climbed the nearer kopjes, and a cloud of dust hung in the air, far on the enemy's flank.

A troop of Lancers rode ahead of the main body of cavalry here. Major Jackson led them, and as they crept warily forward, scenting the enemy's position, his eye caught a discordant note in the line. He wheeled his charger and came down upon a man of the Natal Light Horse, riding loosely with his knees.

"What are you doing away from your regiment?" he cried.

The man saluted. "I want to be in it," he replied.

"Do you?" said the Major; then paused, staring in his face. "Ha! What's your name?"

"Birkenhead, Major."

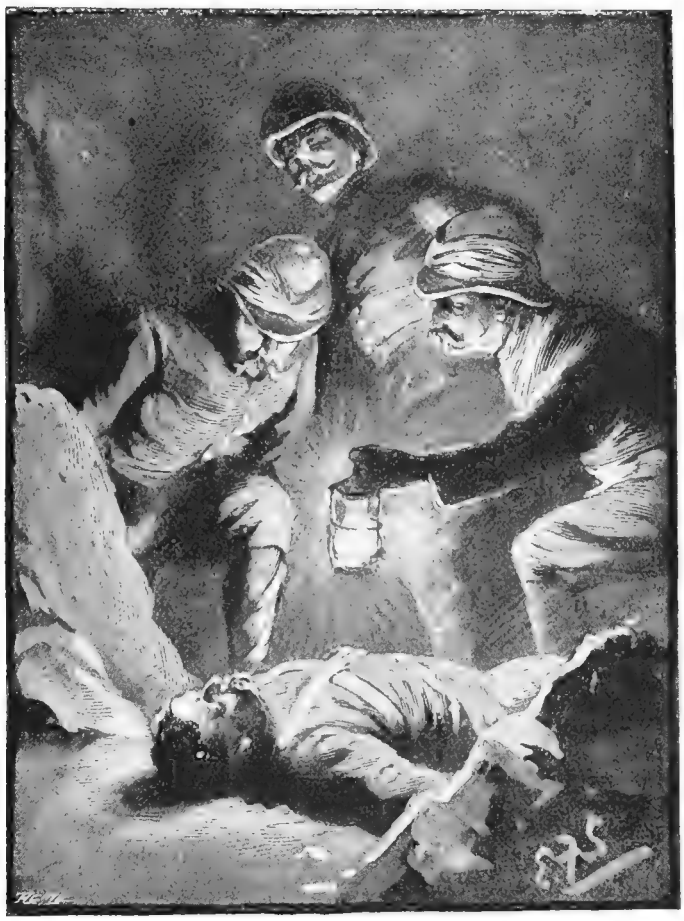
"The devil . . . er . . . . join your troop when we fall back."

Again a salute, then they cantered forward.

Fifteen minutes later they had wheeled to the rear, and the men prepared for the attack.

Slowly they had come; slowly, with infinite caution across miles of veldt, stealing round for a flank attack on that perilous hillside. Now they were there; Lancers, Carbineers, and the Natal Light Horse; a jumbled mass of men joking, laughing, waiting for the signal and the word.

The noise of battle waxed louder; from desultory crashes it had grown to a permanent roar. The men sat their horses in an agony of doubt, Birkenhead, wild-eyed, in his place among them. Ah! would it never come? Then—on a sudden and at last—a word, a blare of bugles, and the earth shook beneath their feet.



He stooped over the body of the man, pushing the lamp to his face. "Callaghan!" he cried.

They debouched at the foot of the hills and swept steadily upward. Already they had run the gauntlet of a line of concealed marksmen, swept over them, stabbing, shouting, swearing, and come out at the far side with a dozen empty saddles; but the strength of the enemy lay far ahead. The roar of fighting sang in their ears; they knew their comrades were forcing their way to the summit of that long, boulder-strewn hillside towards which all the morning they had worked. Could they be in time.

The valley through which they rode opened out, and they saw the turmoil of flurried men. A broken line of unkempt

Google

warriors straggled towards them—the Boers in full retreat, rushing for their horses.

"Charge! Follow me, and remember Majuba!"

Remember Majuba! Who could forget it? Not the colonel, riding like a machine well in advance; not the men; not Birkenhead—Majuba, flags of truce made screens for murder; treachery, "niggers fighting"—who could forget?

A tempest of sound ran through the ranks as the men broke from a canter and settled down to ride. The earth shook; they were drunk with the lust of battle—Ping—Crash—Boom-m-m. Who heeded these? The Lancers, the Carbineers, the Light Horse? Bah! they were riding horses, carrying sabres, swinging steel. . . .

They stormed through the retreating army, plunging, stabbing, cutting, mad with the zest of slaughter, and came to the summit.

"Halt! Re-form! Charge!"

Again the bugles and again the deadly rush and clang of arms. Down the slope now at breakneck speed; leaping, stumbling, swearing. Horses ridden by men, horses masterless, galloping, galloping, as though the world held no aim or object higher than the annihilation of mankind.

Birkenhead still rode with the best—bareheaded, his cheek slit and dabbled with blood, his sabre dripping. Ping! A bullet struck the trooper at his side and he fell like a ripped tree; but the horse leaped on. Crash! A bullet met a front-rank horse and he fell over with his rider under him, his legs kicking in the air.

"Get up!"

Birkenhead lifted his mare as he would have lifted it to a gate in the hunting field and passed onward.

A Boer kneeled on the ground before him, his rifle levelled at a wounded officer. Crash! Birkenhead's sword had cut down the man, and he collapsed, loose and jointless, like a house of cards.

Halt! Re-form! Open order! Now in mass, now by companies, now in dozens, wheeling, galloping, lunging; then again—ping!—the wasp had stung this time with precision. A bullet through the breast. Hah! The man spat blood—his horse swerved under him.

"Get up, mare—get up!" O God! it was growing dark . . dark. . . .

The thunder of rushing men died suddenly. A blurr of red flame dazzled his eyes; an acrid taste was in his mouth. Birkenhead no longer rode in the van—the "bummer" lay now on the staring veldt, limp, broken, motionless.

Night fell. The blue vault blazed with countless stars. High up, low down, everywhere were stars shimmering in the darkness. The black earth looked up responsive, apeing the myriad fires with flaming globes of light—light of another species, smoking, hissing, blurred, carried by men.

Bearer parties moved now about the hill-top, searching the boulders, lifting the dead, tending the wounded. Here, there, far, near, they stole about like giant fire-flies, hovering on the bush, and, as they went, cries rent the still air—cries for water, cries of pain, jokes, laughter, orders.

"Let me lie, matee. I'm done."

"Rot, Corporal, you'll be sergeant-major before you've done."

"Light my pipe, someone."

"Jest look at that orficer behind me! I'm all right. See to the Colonel."

"Water! Water! Oh, God, give us water!"

Major Jackson, of the Lancers, with a party of bearers, searched the farther field. He came at length to a little group of three, stranded in silence, amidst the boulders.

"Troopers of the Light Horse," he cried. "Turn 'em over lads. Move them gingerly."

A stalwart horseman stood with the lamp, throwing its light upon them one by one.

"Dead," said the Major. "Dead—all dead. Lay them down a while. . . Stay! Show that light again."

He stooped over the body of a man, and pushed the lamp to his face—"Callaghan!" he cried. "I'd swear to it."

"Beg pardon, Major," said the sergeant; "Birkenhead—see his ticket."

He had unbuttoned the man's tunic and found his card—"556 Trooper Birkenhead. Natal Light Horse."

"Then the ticket lies," said the Major. "Hold! what's that in his hand?"

He leaned over and pressed the fast stiffening fingers apart. A newspaper cutting—a portion of the *Cape Times*, a fortnight or more old. Major Jackson spread it out and glanced at the heading——

"Marriage of Miss Elsie Callaghan and Mr. Horace Stevanage."

"Hah!" said the Major. "I thought so . . . . er . . . Leave me with him, boys . . . Give me a light . . . er . . . I'll stay here a bit . . . Marriage and death . . . Good Lord! it's grim."

Google

HOISTING THE PENNANT

H.M.S. *Powerful* the day before she commissioned for China.

Being the First of a Series of Articles on How the Navy is Run.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, of Southsea.

This is the first of a deeply interesting series of articles on "How the Navy is Run," which will appear in the Royal Magazine *during the ensuing twelve months. Mr. Hurd, the author of the articles, is an expert in all naval matters, and has devoted much time and energy in collecting such material and illustrations as will make the series more complete than anything that has hitherto been published in a popular form on the British Navy. The photographs which will illustrate the series have been taken by leading naval photographers and by officers on board our battleships and cruisers.*

The subsequent articles will deal with naval life in all its phases: the daily routine on board a warship; how the vessels are prepared for action and an enemy tackled; the mystery of a bluejacket's wardrobe; the gigantic work of feeding a battleship; all about Jack's own particular police and prison system; how Xmas Day is spent in the Navy; paint and promotion—a story of a compact; the revels of crossing the "line," etc., and, finally, the paying-off of a warship after it has been abroad for three years.

No one who is interested in any way in our great Navy, the bulwark and the safeguard of the nation, must fail to read the whole of these articles.

"Captain the Hon. George Granville to Her Majesty's ship *India*, on commissioning March 3rd, 1900." In this wise does the Admiralty announce that the majestic warship which has been swinging at her anchor off Portsmouth Dockyard, a great, silent, uninhabited floating fortress, is to be transformed into a thing of life for dealing out death to the country's foes. The official announcement appears a fortnight or three weeks in advance, and by nine o'clock on the eventful morning, this gallant officer makes his way to the dockyard and boards the ship he is proud to have the privilege of commanding.

As he draws near, the boatswain gets ready to pipe his captain on board. The crew have mustered on the quarter deck, the officers stand at the gangway, and the commander, the captain's right hand, waits nearest the side, in readiness to receive his chief.

As the last stroke of nine o'clock is heard, the band plays the National Anthem, the White Ensign flies up the ensign staff, and the sister emblem of naval life, the long pennant, flutters from the masthead, together with a white flag. Meantime, the ship's clerk produces from an envelope an official document, which he hands to the captain. With all due solemnity this

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

officer reads in loud, resonant tones: "I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty," and so on. In short, he is ordered to commission the ship, and though the recital of the terms of the commission is not a new experience to the audience, no captain can take over the command of so fine a ship as H.M.S. *India* without some sense of emotion.

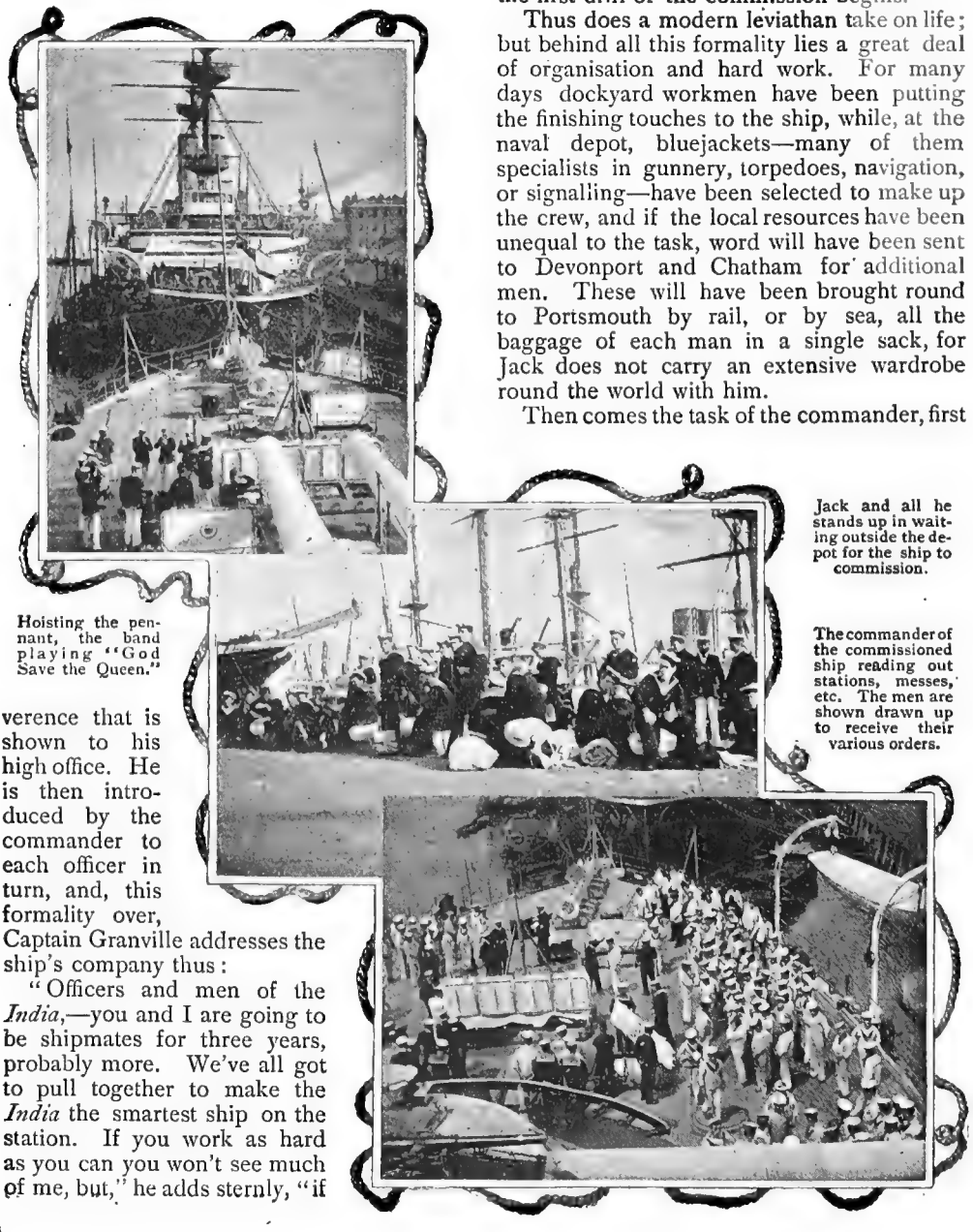
At once everyone comes to salute, and the captain graciously acknowledges the reverence that is shown to his high office. He is then introduced by the commander to each officer in turn, and, this formality over, Captain Granville addresses the ship's company thus:

"Officers and men of the *India*,—you and I are going to be shipmates for three years, probably more. We've all got to pull together to make the *India* the smartest ship on the station. If you work as hard as you can you won't see much of me, but," he adds sternly, "if there is any slackness then I am afraid we shall have to make ourselves more intimately acquainted. Commander Wright and I are old shipmates, and I have sailed with several of the other officers. We have as fine a set of officers as ever trod a ship's deck, and it rests with you, men, to make the *India* the envy of the fleet, and the happiest ship in the service. Pipe to general quarters."

All is immediately orderly confusion, and the first drill of the commission begins.

Thus does a modern leviathan take on life; but behind all this formality lies a great deal of organisation and hard work. For many days dockyard workmen have been putting the finishing touches to the ship, while, at the naval depot, bluejackets—many of them specialists in gunnery, torpedoes, navigation, or signalling—have been selected to make up the crew, and if the local resources have been unequal to the task, word will have been sent to Devonport and Chatham for additional men. These will have been brought round to Portsmouth by rail, or by sea, all the baggage of each man in a single sack, for Jack does not carry an extensive wardrobe round the world with him.

Then comes the task of the commander, first

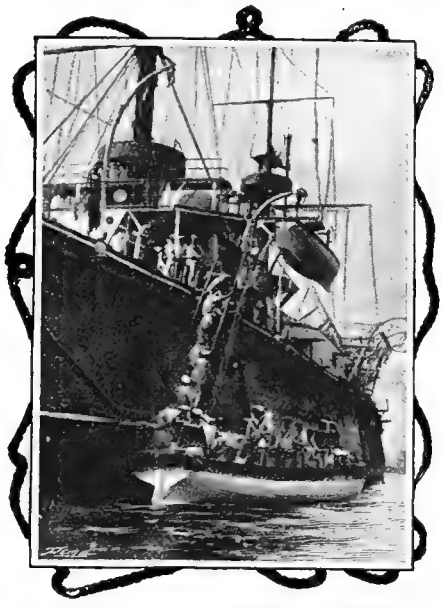


Hoisting the pennant, the band playing "God Save the Queen."

Jack and all he stands up in waiting outside the depot for the ship to commission.

The commander of the commissioned ship reading out stations, messes, etc. The men are shown drawn up to receive their various orders.

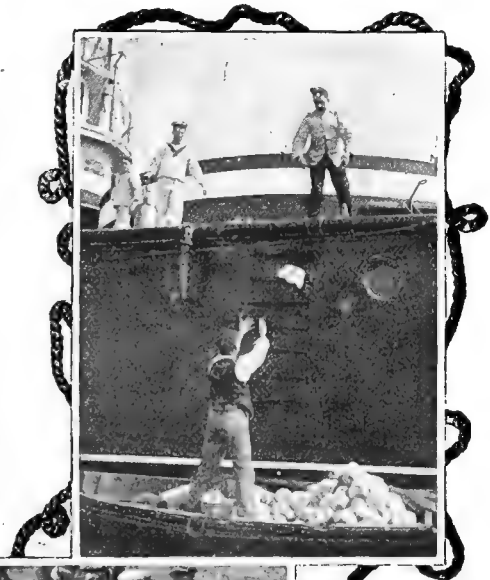
Digitized by Google



The final stores being shipped, the vessel sails next morning.

lieutenant, and other officers in mapping out the organisation of this floating war-palace. This is no simple matter, and a day or two before the date for commissioning they proceed on board and hold conference with the engineer officer as to the design of the ship and the disposition of the crowd of seamen, stokers, engine-room artificers, cooks, naval artisans, marines, and other ratings, each one of whom must know on the morning exactly where to put his baggage and where he will have his first meal, otherwise all would be confusion. Consequently, in and out and all about the great ship the officers wander, taking in all her features. Then the work of organisation is seriously taken in hand, with the assistance of the master-at-arms—the head of the ship's police, and a person of no mean importance, as Jack readily learns. The whole life of a ship depends on what is known as the watch-bill, whereby the men are divided up into two bodies called watches—the Port (the right hand side of the ship) and the Starboard (the left hand side)—and every man has a number allotted to him, those of the port-watch having the odd numbers, and their shipmates of the starboard the even numbers. The watches are further sub-divided for the sake of convenience in manning the boats, working the guns, and "messing," as seamen call their meals.

This watch-bill is the foundation of the organisation of a warship, and the first work of the commander and his colleagues is to take as many cards as there are men, and to assign to each man a number corresponding to the exact place where he is to stow his belongings, sleep, move, and have his being. In this way the watch-bill is made, and from it the gunnery officer compiles the quarter-bill, by which the distribution of the men for working the guns is settled, and the fire-bill is also



The embarking of provisions on a commissioned warship is a big task, and is carried out in various ways. This shows one way in which food is taken aboard.

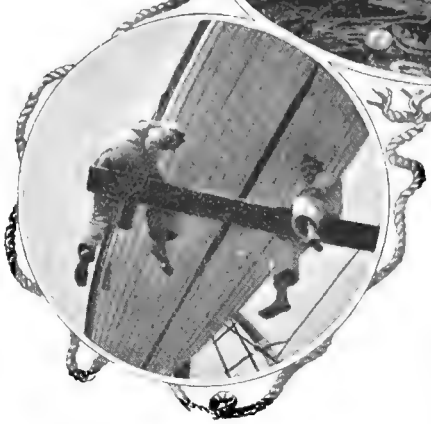
Boxes of eggs are not forgotten.

Google

drawn up, so that in case of fire every man may know his exact duty, whether it be to assist with a hose, or lower certain of the boats in case of need. It is only by organising the ship on a definite system that the performance of the multifarious duties can be insured, drills carried out properly, meals served regularly, in perfect order, and with a smartness that, to a landsman, is subject of wonder.

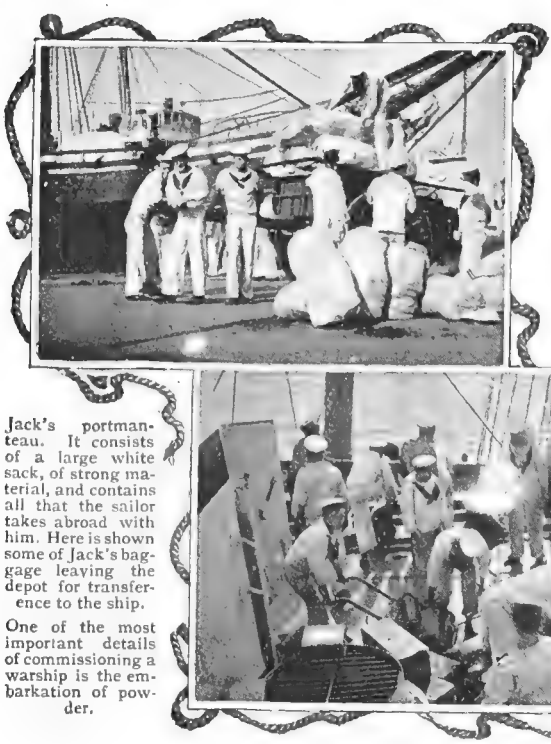
When the captain, after the formality of commissioning is at an end, cries "Pipe to general quarters," each man is therefore acquainted with the topography of his part of the ship, and he at once flies to his post. The captain makes the rounds, has a word of praise or blame here and there, but is satisfied that he has a fine ship and a ship's company that can be licked into shape. And he is determined to lose no time over it.

Coaling. One day is set apart for this.



Cleaning the boats after coaling.

By the time the sun has crossed the foreyard the drill at general quarters is over, and Captain Granville invites all the officers to meet him in his cabin. Obviously no officer could have been selected for the command of so fine a ship as the *India* unless the Admiralty were cognisant of his high genius, and after he has called for "Success to our Commission," which is honoured with foaming champagne, Captain Granville gives the commander a few hints in observance of discipline; the doctor receives instruction in the ventilation of the sick-bay; the engineer learns how many boilers are necessary to give a certain speed, the paymaster is told on what days the captain will count his cash; and then, one by one, the officers drift out of the cabin, leaving only the captain and commander to agree between themselves how much of what has taken place is solder and how much sawdust. In this wise does H.M.S. *India* pass from the reserve to the active list of Her Majesty's navy.



Jack's portmanteau. It consists of a large white sack, of strong material, and contains all that the sailor takes abroad with him. Here is shown some of Jack's baggage leaving the depot for transference to the ship.

One of the most important details of commissioning a warship is the embarkation of powder.

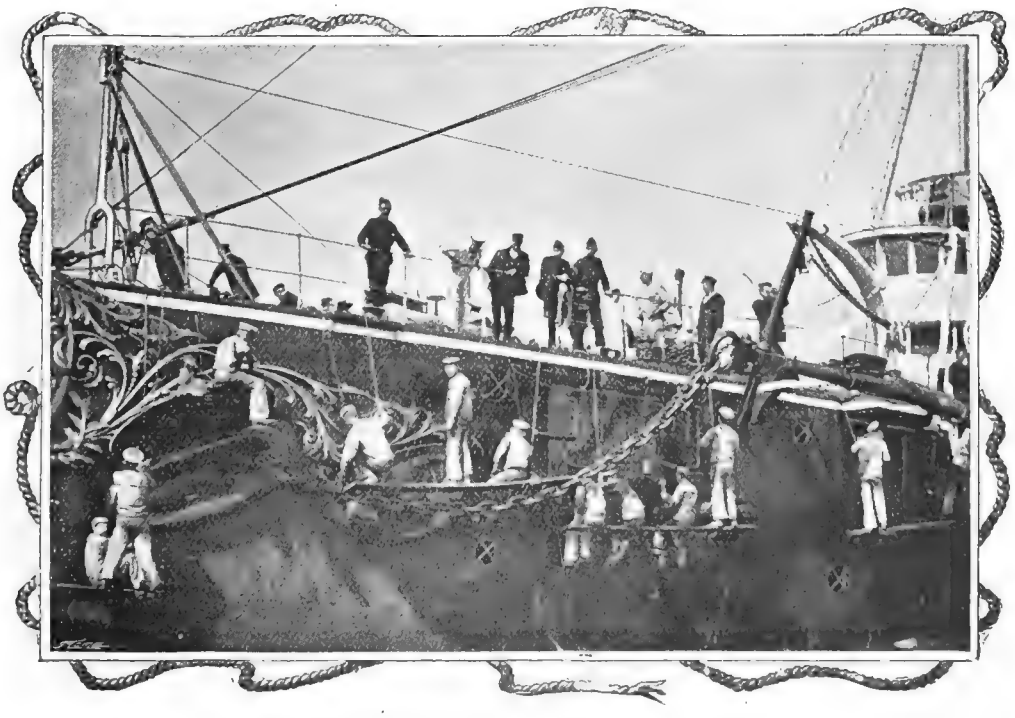
The first few days on board a newly commissioned warship are very useful. It is astonishing how soon officers and men "shake down," as it is called, and there is nothing that promotes this process

Digitized by Google

better than the drills and the hard work that are necessary to fit the ship to go to sea.

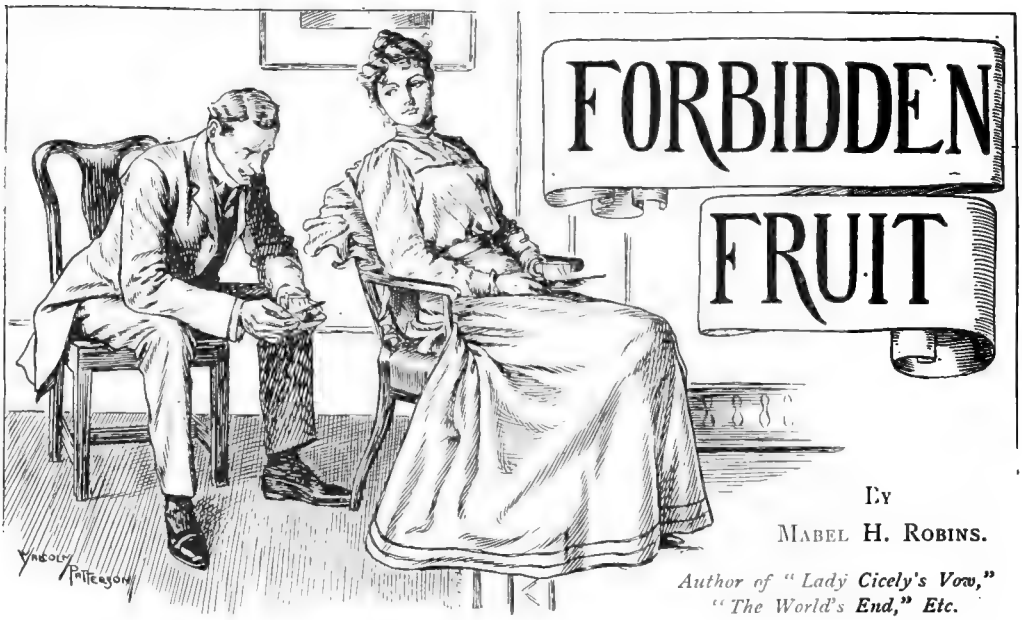
A newly commissioned ship may appear to a landsman all that an officer can desire. But ask her captain. He will tell you of paint that does not look sufficiently fresh, of brass-work that needs a great deal of elbow-grease and brick-dust. Other officers and warrant-officers—the latter glorified bluejackets, the backbone of the navy, according to Lord Charles Beresford—are head over heels in business. There are stores, provisions, water, small arms, ammunition, and a hundred and one other things to be got on board, and almost certainly the ship will have to be coaled. Other men will be occupied in the shell-rooms, and the engineers and their staff will be busy, to distraction, overhauling the ship's machinery, while the doctor will cast a keen eye over the sick-bay, as the hospital on board is called. The gunnery officer will have his time fully filled up seeing that the guns are in good order, the navigating officer will test all his instruments, and the lieutenant, borne specially for torpedo duties, will busy himself and many seamen specially trained for the work in preparing his devilish weapons for early practice at sea.

Drilling, working, and playing, Jack does not find time hang on his hands in these first few days, and within ten days or a fortnight from the morning when she is commissioned the great ship will steam majestically to Spithead and carry out a trial of her machinery in the Solent for a period of four hours. If this test proves that she is efficient her fate is sealed. The Commander-in-Chief having learnt from the captain that all is well on board, and having held an inspection, the date is fixed for her departure. When the day arrives for final farewells to England, home, and beauty, the captain seeks by signal the Admiral's permission to "part company." This being given, the bugle sounds, and a steam-engine somewhere in the bowels of the armed fortress begins to work, and with a rattle and clatter the anchor is weighed, catted, and secured, and then the great engines commence to work, the screws move at increasing speed, swishing the water, and the leviathan leaves for service on some foreign station, and Jack and his officers go out into exile for three long years for the sake of their Queen and of the grand world-wide Empire and British commerce that call for protection.



Cleaning the side of the ship to prepare for the port admiral's inspection before leaving the next day.

Digitized by Google



By
Mabel H. Robins.

Author of "Lady Cicely's Vow," "The World's End," Etc.

I.

"I have asked Paul Kesterton down to join our house-party, Nancy," said old Sir George Carew to his favourite grand-daughter. "He will be here in time for the dance to-night, but I want to talk to you about him before he arrives."

Nancy lifted her pretty face with interest. "Who is he?" she asked. "He sounds nice."

"That is just what I am afraid he is not," replied the old man gravely. "From all the tales I have heard, he is not at all nice. Indeed, I should not ask him down except for the sake of my old friend Kesterton, whose nephew and heir he is."

"And do you want to warn me against him, then?" asked Nancy smiling.

The old man looked at her lovely face and dainty figure, and his shaggy eyebrows met in an anxious frown.

"That is exactly what I want to do," he said. "The man may be all very well in his way. He is, I believe, very good to look at, and from all accounts has a charming voice, but——"

"But? And what is the 'but'?"

"Well, he is very fast; he keeps race-horses, and is altogether undesirable, and not at all a fit companion for a young girl. That is why I thought it better to warn you, dear. It would be so dreadful if—if you lost your heart to him; because, of course, a marriage with such a man I could not allow, and I should not like my little Nancy to suffer. So I thought it would be better to advise you to have as little to do with him as possible."

The girl laughed amusedly as she threw her arms round the old man's neck and kissed him.

"All right, grandfather," she cried; "I shall be able to take care of myself!" But all the time a persistent longing assailed her to see this bold, bad, yet apparently irresistible man.

It was later in the afternoon and Sir George was driving Paul Kesterton up from the station.

"The Grange is quite full," the old man said. "I daresay you will find many acquaintances among the guests."

"And your little grand-daughter Nancy? I suppose she is quite grown up? I remember her as a fluffy golden-haired baby when I was a boy, and being asked to kiss her. I remember how very much I objected to the performance."

Sir George laughed. "I am afraid you would not object so much now," he said. "Nancy has grown up very pretty. I hope we shall be able to keep her near us always. Young Borthwick of the Manor is very much *èpris*, and it would be a most suitable match altogether. Nothing would please her grandmother and myself better. It would be most

Copyright, 1900, in the United United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

satisfactory in every way. I only trust nothing will happen to prevent it."

"And Miss Carew? Is she content to fall in with the arrangement?"

The old man pursed up his lips, "Nancy, of course, will consent to whatever my wife and I think best."

And Paul shrugged his shoulders.

II.

THE fiddlers had struck up and the dance had begun. Nancy had scarcely spoken to the new arrival, but she looked at him with interest after her grandfather's conversation, and his tall figure and strong face found favour in her eyes.

She was, indeed, a little piqued that he did not ask her to dance. The evening went on, and she saw him going round with all her cousins, and she knew she could dance better than they.

A waltz had begun, and she was standing by herself for a few minutes. She turned round suddenly, and found Paul watching her from the door.

She tilted her chin a little higher, and then he came up to her.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he asked.

"I have already promised it to someone," said Nancy ungraciously.

"The someone does not seem very anxious to claim it, does he? The dance has begun some time."

Nancy flashed an indignant look at him, but meeting the laughter in his eyes, she smiled too, and placed her hand on his arm without another word.

It was certainly the best dance she had had that evening. On and on they went, moving round in perfect harmony to the music, until the fiddles, suddenly growing quicker, broke forth in a presto, and hurried away into silence. Then Kesterton and Nancy stopped, and he took her out into the cool hall.

"You can't think what bad things I have heard of you," said Nancy with a mischievous glance, as they sat down.

"Indeed?" he answered, as he turned to look at her with his dark eyes; "I hardly think my peccadillos would form a very interesting topic. Perhaps you have undertaken to reform me?"

"Indeed?" he answered. . . . "Perhaps you have undertaken to reform me?"

Google

There was an underlying amusement in his tone which annoyed Nancy.

"Before wishing to reform anyone," she retorted, "one would take some interest in the person. I have not the slightest desire to reform you, but I mean to make a study of you all the same. You are a *rara avis*—a specimen I have never yet come across."

He watched her varying colour with enjoyment, and smiled.

"You are not consistent," he said. "You contradict yourself. Surely you must take some interest in a thing of which you make a study?"

She shook her head with a mischievous smile. "Not at all," she replied. "One has to study the most uninteresting things sometimes, and I rather pride myself on being able to master the driest subjects."

He leant towards her with his arm on the back of the sofa on which they were sitting, and regarded her thoughtfully before he spoke again.

"How fond your teachers must be of you!" he then said slowly. "I should think you are held up as a pattern to the whole school, are you not?"

Nancy looked at him indignantly. The use of the present tense was such a direct insult to her twenty years. Then as the music had recommenced she rose with dignity from her seat.

Kesterton rose, too. "May I have another dance later on?" he asked.

"No," her lips parting with a smile, "You have been too rude."

"Then shall I leave you here, or would you rather go back to the ball-room?"

Perhaps Nancy was disappointed. Perhaps she had expected to be pressed for another dance, but not a suspicion of chagrin could Kesterton detect in her voice as she answered

"I will go back to the ball-room, please," and so he took her back and left her.

They did not meet again until tea-time the next afternoon for the men had been out shooting all day.

The hall was looking warm and comfortable, and most of the party had gathered round the huge log fire.

Kesterton came and sat behind Nancy's chair as she was drinking her tea.

"I wonder what is the connection between apostles and spoons!" he said looking intently at the small silver spoon in his hand as if the explanation he asked for were an all-important matter.

Nancy laughed, "I am sure I don't know," she said. "Perhaps the apostles had a tendency that way. Even nowadays dwellers in Church-land are more susceptible to the influence of the softer sex than other men, don't you think?"

"Are they? I am afraid I have never considered the matter." His glance had deserted the silver spoon and was now resting on the small animated face only half a yard distant from his own.

"Why, yes," she went on, "There are many clergymen whose congregations are wholly composed of women, and wherever they go they have 'twenty love-sick maidens' following in their train — and sometimes matrons, too."

Kesterton smiled. "I begin to believe," he said, "that you are a student of human nature after all. How are you getting on with your last new study?"

"My last new study?" she repeated, wonderingly. "Which do you mean?"

"Why, myself of course," a little impatiently. "You said you were going to study *me*."

She shook her head. "I have given up all idea of that now," she said.

"Why?" he asked, a vein of disappointment running through his tone. "Am I too dry a subject even for you?"

A little thrill of pleasure ran through her because he had remembered her words.

"It is not because you are too dry," she said, "but because you would not be improving to the mind."

"I don't see how you can know that until you have tried," he said coldly.

"If you had been told a book were bad and you were advised not to read it, would you feel inclined to do so?"

The fire leapt up, and Nancy was startled as she met the quick flash of anger in Kesterton's eyes, but his voice was very quiet as he answered—

"I think I should be just; I would not take other people's opinions on the subject, but I would read the book and judge for myself." And then he rose from his chair and went over to the other side of the hall.

And Nancy wondered how it was that she had never found Gerald Borthwick such a bore before as she felt him to be now, when he hurried into Kesterton's vacated chair.

III.

It was a few days later and Kesterton came into the room where Nancy was sitting over the fire.

"Miss Carew," he said, "it is very bad for

Digitized by Google

"This is nice," said Nancy. "How they will envy us when they hear of our adventure!"

you to stay indoors all day. I am going out for a walk; will you come with me?"

Nancy looked up lazily from her book. "It is too cold," she said, "and I am sure it is going to snow," glancing at the dull leaden sky, "and I hate snow—don't you?"

"It is more likely to thunder than to snow," he said persuasively—"do come."

Nancy hesitated a moment longer and then gave in, and in five minutes' time she was ready dressed and the two were wending their way through the park, the frosty ground ringing hard and crisp beneath their feet.

They went on in silence for a few minutes until they were quite out of sight of the Grange.

"And now," said Paul, "you are going to tell me all the bad things you have heard about me, and inform me who are the people who said them."

Nancy shook her head determinately.

"I shall not," she said. "I never repeat tales. Besides," a little shyly, "I have made up my mind not to be influenced by them. I intend to follow your advice and judge for myself."

A swift gleam of pleasure lit up his eyes. "Thank you," he said simply. He looked at her for a moment and then remarked, "How different you are from your cousins."

"Am I? In what way?"

He hesitated a moment. "They seem to be such warm-hearted girls, while you—you are like that icicle hanging there," pointing to the tree above him; "just as lovely, just as pure, just as cold, and"—lowering his voice so that she could only just catch the words—"just as far beyond my reach."

Nancy's pace grew a little quicker, and a faint access of colour rose to her cheeks. "You do not practise what you preach," she cried. "How can you judge what I am like

Google

when you have known me such a little time?"

"I judge you as I find you," he answered; "and you have been very freezing to me."

They walked on talking idly, and neither of them noticed how late it was getting nor how the day was drawing in. A sense of fatigue at last woke Nancy to the state of her surroundings.

"How dark it is and what a long way we have come!" she said. "It will be very late before we get back!"

"It is not so late as you think," said Kesterton. "It grows dark so early now. But we have come further than I intended. I wonder where we are." He turned round and glanced about him. "That looks like a farmhouse over there. Let us go and spy out the land. We might be able to get something to eat and drink—for you will miss your tea—and perhaps a trap to take us back —for I am afraid you are dreadfully tired. I ought not to have brought you so far."

Nancy went with him, nothing loth. The wind was getting up and it was much colder than when they had started, and now the fact had been brought to her notice, she felt very tired indeed.

Kesterton's eyes had not deceived him. The light he had seen from the distance proved to be a farmhouse, and the farmer, being a tenant of Sir George's, welcomed the two with effusion. Mrs. Brown made Nancy sit down by the blazing fire, and after a few minutes' absence returned with two steaming cups of coffee and some hot cakes of her own baking.

"This *is* nice," said Nancy as Paul sat down beside her. "How they will envy us at the Grange when they hear of our adventure!"

"We are very lucky," said Kesterton, watching her with a smile. "We might have been stranded and obliged to walk home. Won't you have any sugar in your coffee — ah! then you don't know how coffee should be drunk!"

"Which is the right way?"

"It ought to be as sweet as love, as black as the devil, and as hot as—well, the lower regions!"

"Nancy laughed. "I am afraid I prefer it without the love," she said, "and the other qualities only in moderation," and she filled her cup up to the top with cream.

"Ah, you are wrong!" said Kesterton, purposely taking her words in an emblematical sense. "You should not defy Love in such a reckless way,

Without love, our solid joy,
Life's but a foolish empty toy
And hardly worth possessing."

"May I ask what you are doing with your arm round my granddaughter's waist?"

Digitized by Google

"I don't agree with you," she said thoughtfully. "Speaking as an on-looker, I think life would be much happier were there no such thing as love. Think of the sorrows, the tears and heart-breakings that would be saved."

"And think of the smiles, the joys, and the happiness which would be missed." He turned and looked at her curiously. "You speak only as an on-looker then?" he queried. "You have never experienced the tender passion yourself?"

"Never," with a little deprecating wave of her hand, "and I hope I never shall. People look so foolish when they are under its influence."

He laughed amusedly. "Was I not right in calling you an icicle?" he said. "But you will not be so always. You will fall in love one day like everybody else, and will look just as foolish, too."

She moved her head restlessly under his gaze, but did not answer. Instead, she rose from her chair and went and looked out of the window.

"Why it is snowing," she exclaimed, "snowing hard!"

"What a good thing we are driving back," said Kesterton, joining her. "We shan't get wet, as it will take us a very little time to get home."

"I shall not trust you as a weather prophet again," she said, scornfully. "You said it was more likely to thunder than to snow."

"Did I?" laughing. "I daresay. You see, I wanted you to come out with me so badly."

The dog-cart was outside waiting for them.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked, looking anxiously at her. "Let me turn your collar up, or the snow will get into your neck."

He turned up her seal-skin collar until it reached the edge of the seal-skin toque and quite concealed the golden coil of hair. Mrs. Brown, standing a few yards off, wondered why such a small action should take such a long time.

"Now," said Kesterton, "you are an entire seal; there is nothing left of you but your eyes. What sort of eyes do seals generally have?" lowering his voice to a whisper, so that only Nancy could hear. "Are they large and grey and—very soft, and are they shaded by the longest lashes that I have ever seen?"

And the long lashes fell beneath his glance, and the grey eyes were hidden; but the sudden rush of colour to her cheeks was concealed beneath the friendly shelter of the seal-skin collar.

IV.

The days flew by only too quickly. A fortnight passed, and the party at the Grange was soon to break up.

The weather had been kind, and a hard frost had prevailed; so that the lake in the grounds had borne for the last week, and skating had been the order of the day.

Fortunately or unfortunately an attack of gout had kept Sir George to the house, so that he had not been a witness to his grand-daughter's growing intimacy with the man he had warned her against.

For Paul and Nancy had been inseparable, and to-day, while the two had been skating round the lake hand in hand with the dry fresh air blowing in their faces, Paul had asked Nancy to be his wife, and Nancy had said "yes."

It was only as they were walking home together that the outer world was remembered, and the first little cloud came across their happiness.

"I don't know what grandfather will say," said Nancy, anxiously. "He so particularly warned me against you."

"And he told me that his one desire was that you should marry Borthwick. I am afraid he will be very disappointed."

"What shall we do?" said Nancy.

But Paul did not seem much concerned. "If the worst comes to the worst, my darling," he said, "we must run away."

And then, as they were alone, he stepped under the trees, and taking her face in both his hands, he bent his head and kissed her.

But Nancy was not quite so satisfied as he. "Grandfather will never give in," she said. "He is so antiquated in his ideas. He thinks marriages ought only to be brought about by convenience."

There was a sound of a halting footstep on the frozen ground close beside them, and Nancy started violently as Sir George appeared round the tree.

"I am afraid this is an occasion when I am obliged to undergo the common fate of all listeners," he said grimly.

They neither of them answered, for his sudden appearance had been rather alarming.

"May I ask what you are doing," the old man asked sharply of Kesterton, "with your arm round my grand-daughter's waist?"

Nancy tried nervously to free herself, but Paul only held her closer.

"Nancy has promised to marry me," he

Digitized by Google

said simply, while an expression of resolution settled down on his face.

Sir George's eyes gleamed. "What does this mean, Nancy?" he cried sternly. "I told you, you were to have nothing to do with him."

"I am sorry, grandfather," she said with a lovely upward glance at Paul, "but I could not help loving him."

"And you, sir," turning to Kesterton, "I call your conduct a breach of trust. I was so careful to confide my views concerning Nancy's future to you."

"You told me you wanted her to marry Borthwick," Paul replied scornfully. "Then let Borthwick win her."

"Do you mean to say that you both mean to persist in this folly?"

"Nancy and I are going to be married, if *that* is the folly you mean."

The old man looked at them sternly beneath his shaggy eyebrows for a moment, and then an expression of triumph crossed his face and he chuckled audibly.

"I may be antiquated in my ideas," he said grimly; "in fact I know I am—for as long ago as the Creation Adam and Eve realized the attractions of forbidden fruit. Do you know that it was my greatest wish and your uncle's keenest desire"—turning to Paul—"that you two should marry? If I had told you this beforehand you would both have detested each other; but now I have succeeded by going about the matter in my own way. Each of you looked on the other as forbidden fruit. Eh? Ah! I have lived long enough in the world to understand the contrariness of human nature, and all I can say is—God bless you my children." And then he kissed Nancy, wrung Paul by the hand, and hobbled away.

And the two stood looking at each other blankly.

"Do—do you care for me so much now," faltered Nancy at last, "now that I am no longer 'forbidden fruit.'"

But Paul took her in his arms and held her closely.

"My darling!" he cried passionately, "such love as ours would have flourished just the same no matter where, when, or how we met."

I wonder if it would!

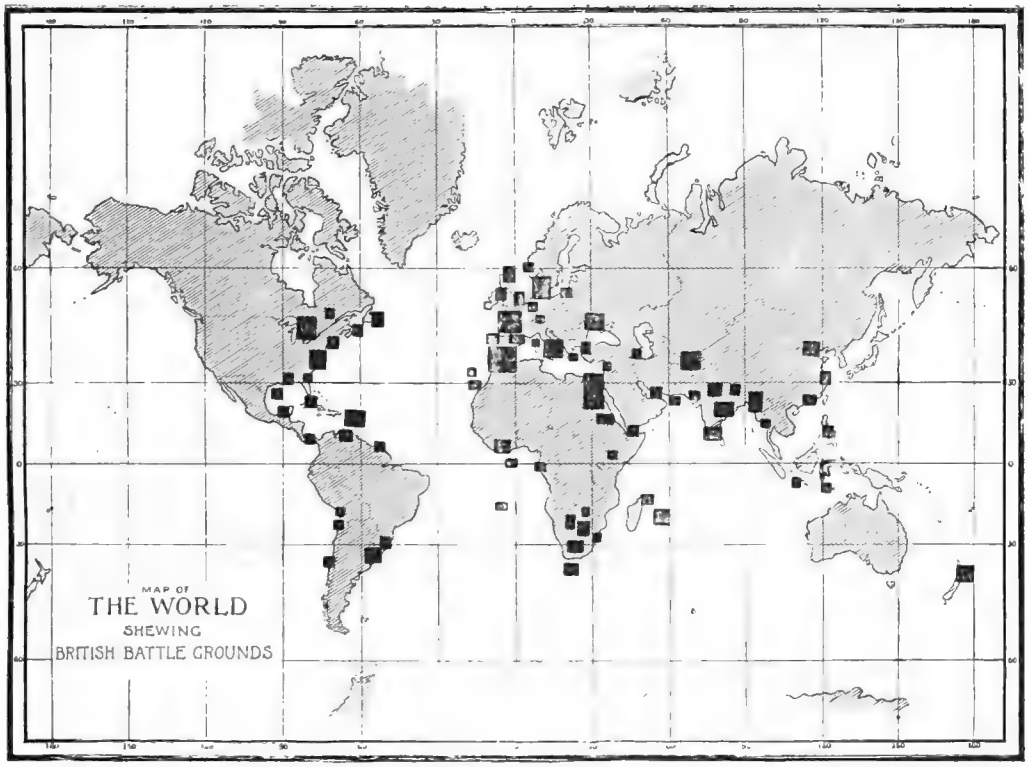
A KAFFIR WEDDING.

A CHARMING group! Zachais Malehe, the coloured gentleman in the centre with an orchid or some such flower in his buttonhole, has just taken Annie Makoa (she stands at his left hand) to wife. Both husband and wife are converted Kaffirs, and the wedding took place last year in the Lutheran Church at Bloemfontein shortly before the outbreak of the unfortunate war between Great Britain and the Boer Republics. It is queer to notice the contrast of black and white in the ladies' appearance, but with all the best will in the world, it is impossible to express much admiration. This applies also to the gentlemen. Top hats on a Kaffir visage are somehow or other scarcely affinitive from an artistic point of view.

Photo by R. Fhiele & Co.

A Dusky, but Distinguished Wedding Party.

Digitized by Google



WHERE BRITISH BATTLES HAVE BEEN FOUGHT.

By P. W. Everett.

Illustrations by F. S. Smith.

That the sun never sets upon the Empire of the Queen has long been the proud boast of every Englishman, but we rarely pause to think what this enviable position has cost us in lives and money, or of the number of battles we have fought to make the British Empire the most powerful the world has ever seen.

Not until we begin to tabulate our chief wars is it possible to realise how long the list is, and how few countries there are in which the British soldier has not fought and died.

Since the year 1066 we have fought no fewer than 467 important engagements with foreign foes, and if we were to include all skirmishes, minor encounters, sorties, and the like, the total would easily be doubled or even trebled. However, for the purpose of these investigations I will confine myself to the principal battles, 467 in number, omitting altogether the minor engagements above referred to, and our unfortunate Civil wars,—though it is interesting to note, in passing, that the total number of fights, which can be fairly classed on the Civil side of our war ledger, considerably exceeds 100.

Of the 467 battles, no fewer than 217, or nearly one half the total number, have been with the French. We have fought them on land, we have fought them on sea, we have fought them in France, we have fought them in England; but the French have rarely made effective landings on British soil; we have fought them in Germany, in Holland, in Belgium, in Spain, in the West Indies, in America, in Egpyt, in Italy—indeed, there is hardly a country or a sea that has not witnessed a fight between ourselves and the French. Alone and unaided we have fought them when the Russians and the Spaniards have been their allies, though, on the other hand, the French on more than one occasion have had to contend with the united strength of the British in alliance with one or other of the lesser

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

Digitized by Google

European Powers; and the sum total of it all has been that, out of 217 principal engagements with the French, we have won 184 and lost thirty-three—a proportion of nearly six battles won for every battle lost.

The French, too, have been our friends as well as our foes. We have fought with them in many interesting circumstances. I may specially cite the campaigns against the Saracens at the end of the eleventh century, against the Dutch in 1872, against the Russians in the Crimean War, and finally against the Chinese in 1860.

The French landed several armies in England during 1216 and 1217, but were ultimately defeated.

The last French invasion of England happened in 1545, when Admiral d'Aunebaut landed 2,000 men on the southern shore of the Isle of Wight. He, however, lacked both the material means and the moral courage to push the advantage home to Portsmouth, where a British fleet was lying, and retreated somewhat ignominiously on the approach of the English warships. Since that time, it is pleasant to know, no foreign foe has set foot on English soil.

England has, however, once since then been seriously threatened by a hostile fleet. This was in 1667, when the Dutch, under de Ruyter, blockaded the Thames, bombarding Sheerness and destroying enormous quantities of stores and ammunition. For a time the excitement in London, and, indeed, throughout the country, was tremendous. Many of the inhabitants seriously contemplated flight, whilst the hiding of valuable possessions became general.

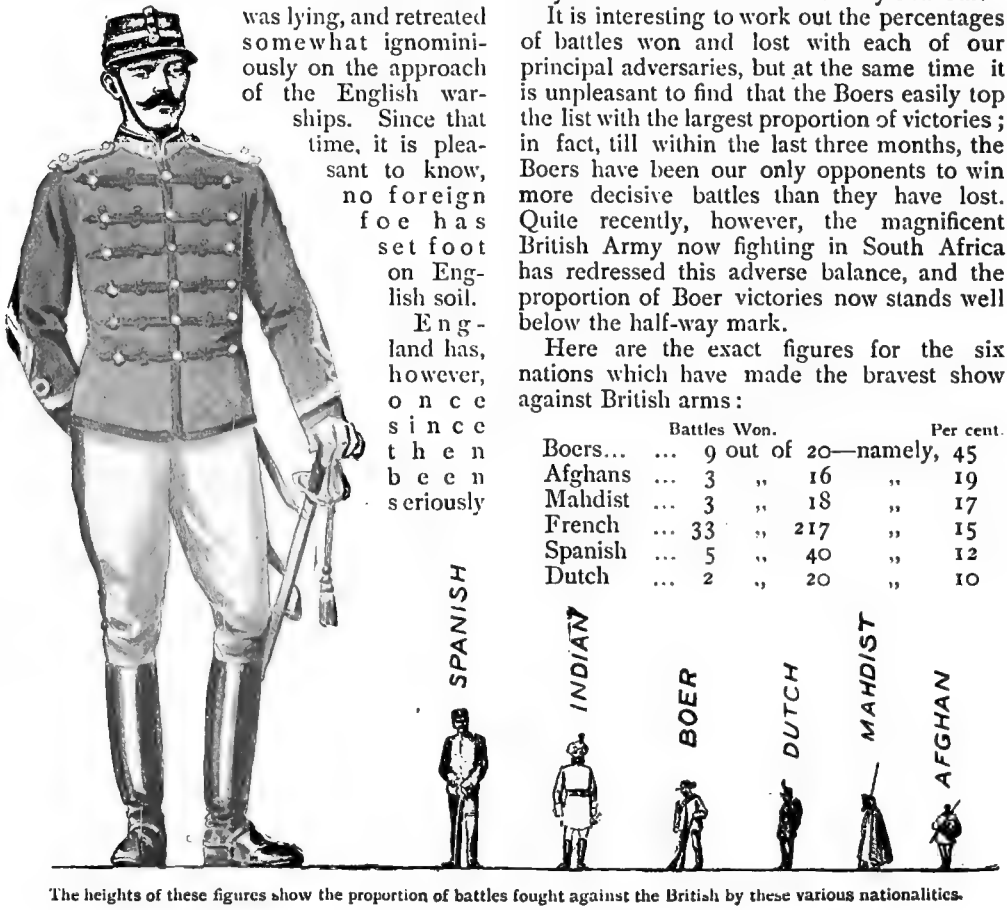
Thirteen ships were sunk in the river at Woolwich, and four more at Blackheath, to bar the way of the dreaded Dutch fleet. Fortunately, however, these preparations were not really needed. An English squadron engaged the enemy; a number of Dutch ships were destroyed, and de Ruyter retired as gracefully as he could,—content, according to his own statement, that he had "thus insulted the great mistress of the sea." On this occasion, though England was, in a sense, invaded, none of the enemy landed on British soil.

Next to France, Spain, with forty battles, has been our most frequent opponent, five only of which ended in the enemy's favour.

It is interesting to work out the percentages of battles won and lost with each of our principal adversaries, but at the same time it is unpleasant to find that the Boers easily top the list with the largest proportion of victories; in fact, till within the last three months, the Boers have been our only opponents to win more decisive battles than they have lost. Quite recently, however, the magnificent British Army now fighting in South Africa has redressed this adverse balance, and the proportion of Boer victories now stands well below the half-way mark.

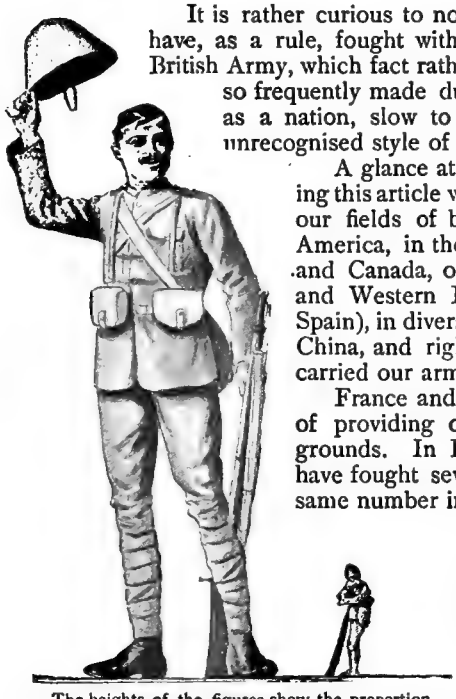
Here are the exact figures for the six nations which have made the bravest show against British arms:

	Battles Won.				Per cent.
Boers...	... 9	out of	20	—namely,	45
Afghans	... 3	,,	16	,,	19
Mahdist	... 3	,,	18	,,	17
French	... 33	,,	217	,,	15
Spanish	... 5	,,	40	,,	12
Dutch	... 2	,,	20	,,	10



The heights of these figures show the proportion of battles fought against the British by these various nationalities.

Google



The heights of the figures show the proportion of battles won and lost by the British.

It is rather curious to notice that the least civilised nations have, as a rule, fought with the greatest success against the British Army, which fact rather tends to emphasise the assertion so frequently made during the present war, that we are, as a nation, slow to adapt ourselves to any novel, or unrecognised style of warfare.

A glance at the map of the world accompanying this article will show how widespread have been our fields of battle. In various parts of South America, in the West Indies, in the United States and Canada, on the high seas, all over Southern and Western Europe (especially in France and Spain), in divers parts of Africa, in Southern Asia, China, and right away to New Zealand, we have carried our arms.

France and Spain tie for the doubtful honour of providing our most frequently used battle-grounds. In France and around her coasts we have fought seventy big fights, and exactly the same number in and around Spain.

India comes next as the scene of thirty-two battles, then North America with twenty-seven, the West Indies with twenty-four, and the Soudan with fifteen.

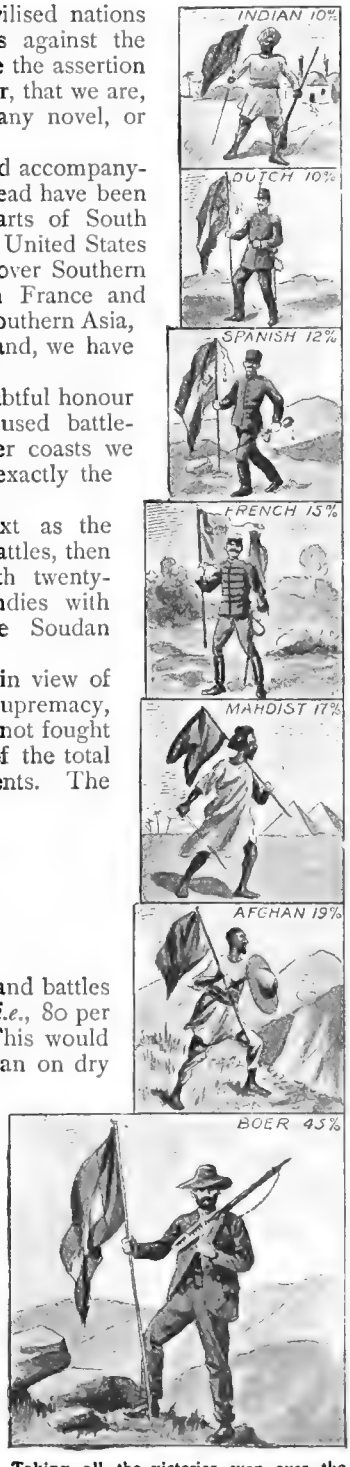
It is interesting, in view of our present naval supremacy, to note that we have not fought a battle on the sea since the time of Nelson, though out of the total of 467 battles over 40 per cent. have been naval engagements. The exact figures are as follows:

Land	264
Sea	191
Land and sea simultaneously	12
	467

Still further analysing these figures, we find that of the land battles 213 have been British victories, and of the sea fights 157; *i.e.*, 80 per cent. and 82 per cent. respectively of the total numbers. This would seem to show that we are rather better fighters on water than on dry ground. There is a good deal of comfort to be derived from this interesting result, for we know, from many recent experiences, what splendid fighters our soldiers are.

As one would naturally suppose when one calls to mind our war history, the figures show that far more battles have been fought during the nineteenth century than in any of the previous centuries, whilst, of smaller periods of time, the years from 1809-1815 have been the most prolific in fighting in the 834 years under consideration. But, as a matter of fact, we have been fairly regularly engaged in war, in one part of the world or another, all the way through.

We have fought the Turks, the Portuguese, the Saracens, the United States, the Arabs, the Chinese, the Russians, besides those nations already mentioned, and others too numerous to name; indeed, there are few nations or tribes in any part of the world against



Taking all the victories won over the British, these squares are in proportion to the number of victories of each nationality mentioned

Google

whom we have not at one time or another pitted our strength.

We have had some strange allies too; of course, the French and Spanish in many engagements have fought side by side with the British red-coat; but it is perhaps not so well-known that we have also been allied, at various periods in our history, with the Dutch, the Russians, the Danes, the Germans, the Austrians, and the Portuguese.

Furthermore, at times, it must be confessed that we have been somewhat fickle in our favours. The Spanish, for instance, were fighting with us in 1548, and against us less than twenty years later; the Dutch were our allies in 1625 and our foes in 1652.

As the reader has no doubt noticed, I have preserved discreet silence concerning our battles with the good people of the United States. My reason for so doing is because these, with the exception of one or two small and isolated combats by land and sea, fall under the category of civil wars, the American War of Independence being as much a civil war as that between Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. The less said of any of our battles with the Yankee the better, for despite the reckless bravery of our men, we never emerged very brilliantly from any of them; they were combats between father and child, Sorab and Rustum, and the younger generally proved the stronger.

What money we have spent in our fighting has without doubt been made up many times over by the rich possessions that have been thereby added to the British Empire.

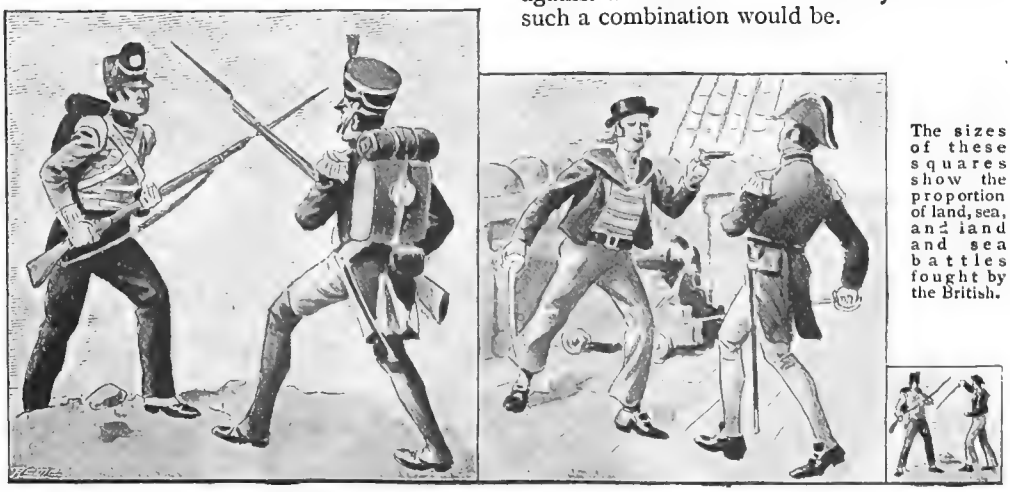
What we have lost in life may be roughly estimated; it is certainly not stretching the figures unduly to state that each engagement has cost us 200 lives on the average; thus (including our Civil Wars, and bringing the total number of important battles to 600), we have a loss of life, calculated by multiplying 600 by 200, *i.e.*, 120,000. To this total must be added at least as many more for minor engagements, sickness, etc., making a grand total of 240,000.

These figures, it must be explained, include only the killed; no allowance is made for those who have been wounded in the battles. The total, therefore, is perhaps not so large as might be expected, but it would hardly be fair to include the wounded, for, it must be remembered, that though in an average engagement there are nearly ten times as many wounded as there are killed, the greater proportion of the wounded eventually recover.

The figures, too, are sufficiently appalling without any special efforts being made to increase them. Nearly a quarter of a million mne sacrificed to the Demon of War!

How are we to reckon the loss to the British Empire of so many men in the prime of life, even though spread over a period of 800 odd years? It is almost incalculable. If these 240,000 men had been all living 400 years ago, and had been married (there have always been plenty of marriageable women in the world) their progeny to-day, would at a very low estimate, have totalled 120,000,000 souls. Three times the whole population of the British Isles!

There is happily little probability that England will ever again face America in battle. On the contrary, it may some day happen that the Briton and the Yankee stand together against a common foe—and truly invincible such a combination would be.



The sizes of these squares show the proportion of land, sea, and land and sea battles fought by the British.

Land. Sea. Land and Sea.

Google

INTRODUCTION.

LORD MIDDLESBOROUGH joins a Parisian club, of which the fortnightly amusement is a compulsory duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame d'Espère, a lady of his acquaintance. In England Middlesborough becomes engaged to Cécile de Tarvenac, and discovers shortly afterwards that her father is a member of the above-mentioned club, and has been summoned to Paris by the Woman of Death. Madame d'Espère, hearing of Middlesborough's engagement, offers him her love, and, on being repulsed, declares herself his and his *fiancée's* enemy.

CHAPTER IX.

THE little dinner to which Middlesborough had invited his bride-elect and his future father-in-law at the Café des Ambassadeurs that evening, could scarcely be regarded in the light of a success. Cécile was tired after her journey, de Tavernâc was by no means in an amiable mood, while Middlesborough himself had not as yet recovered from the scene with Madame d'Espère, to which allusion has already been made.

De Tarvenac was excited and morose in turns, ate little and drank less. His host noticed also that he examined his watch repeatedly, as if he were recalling an appointment and was afraid of missing it. What that appointment was Middlesborough could easily guess. Ever since he had heard de Chartres' voice in the study at the Manor House, his suspicions had been steadily growing. He remembered that this was Friday evening, and that it was also the evening of the fortnightly duel at the club.

Shortly after ten o'clock they left the restaurant and returned to the Rue Joséphine.

"I fear that in half-an-hour I shall be compelled to leave you," said de Tarvenac, as they entered the drawing-room. "I have an important appointment at eleven o'clock. In the meantime, Middlesborough, I should be grateful if you could spare me a few moments' private conversation."

On hearing this, Cécile immediately glided from the room, leaving the two men alone together.

"Do you remember what I said to you on the evening that I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance?" the elder man inquired, after a pause that had lasted some few moments.

"I can recall every incident of that evening," Middlesborough replied. "What is the particular one you desire to bring to my recollection?"

"You may recollect that I told you then that something might very shortly occur to separate me from my daughter. That something is now about to happen. To be plain with you, I am not well. My heart has been troubling me a great deal of late. In obedience to the summons I received in England, I am proceeding to-night to a certain place

Copyright, 1900, in the United States of America, by Guy Boothby.

Google

where it is just possible that I may receive a shock, which can certainly do me no good, and may bring about the end of all things, so far as I am concerned."

Middlesborough saw that the other was trying to prepare him for the fatality that might occur.

"But must you go?" he inquired. "Is it wise, situated as you are, to run so great a risk?"

"I must," de Tarvenac answered. "I have no option. My honour is involved."

"Then what am I to do?"

"My desire is to remind you of your promise to take care of Cécile," de Tarvenac replied. "That you love her, I know. That you will be a good husband to her, I feel sure. Should I, by any untoward chance, not come back, I want you to break the news of my death to her as gently as you can. She loves me, poor child, she loves me."

His voice shook with emotion. He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. In a few moments, however, he had recovered his composure, and was able to talk freely once more.

"I thank you," she said, "you are very good to me, Evelyn."

"I may rely upon your doing what I ask?" he said.

"You may," Middlesborough answered. "But I wish I could persuade you to tell me something more of what you are about to do. I do not like the idea of your running such a risk. Is it impossible for you to tell me where you are going?"

The other shook his head.

"I can tell you nothing more," he returned. "I fear I have told you too much already. And now let me call Cécile."

He left the room, and a few moments later Cécile entered. When she crossed to her lover, he saw that she had received a shock.

"Evelyn," she said, "I want you to tell me what is the matter with my father? His manner seems so strange to-night. It frightens me. He says he is going out, and does not quite know when he may return. What can he be going to do?"

"He is probably going to some political meeting," Middlesborough replied, who scarcely knew what answer to give her. "Do not worry, dearest. He will be with you, safe and sound, in the morning."

"I pray that he may," she faltered. "Nevertheless, I am anxious about him. Evelyn, would you do something for me?"

"Anything that lies in my power," he answered. "In what way can I serve you?"

"Do you think you could find out where he is going, and follow him, in order to see that he comes to no harm?"

"If you really wish it I will do so," he replied. "But I do not know whether I have the right to spy upon him, and even if I do, I doubt whether I should be able to do much good."

"It would relieve my heart of such a load

Google

of anxiety, if you would," she said. "You know how dearly I love him?"

"In that case, I will do as you ask."

"I thank you," she said; "you are very good to me, Evelyn."

He took her in his arms, and looked into her eyes. Was his own and her father's folly to recoil upon her innocent head? He prayed that it might not.

Presently de Tarvenac returned, dressed for going out.

"Good night, Cécile," he said, drawing his daughter to him. Then he added once more, but very slowly, "Good night, my own dear child."

"I am afraid I must be going too," Middlesborough remarked. "Good night, Cécile, and remember, that to-morrow morning we are going shopping together, in the Rue de la Paix."

She tried to smile, but the attempt was not very successful. A moment later de Tarvenac and Middlesborough left the room together.

"In which direction are you going?" Middlesborough inquired, when they stood upon the pavement before the house. "I shall take a cab. If you are going my way I might give you a lift."

"My destination is at the opposite end of the town," said the other. "I am afraid I have not much time to spare. If you will permit me I will wish you a good-night."

They stood facing each other for a moment, and then shook hands and parted. The younger man watched the other walk away down the pavement, then he called a cab and bade the man drive him home as quickly as possible. Happen what might, he knew that he must reach St. Germain in time to witness the duel that was to take place that night. But then, as he asked himself, what good could he do? If de Tarvenac were killed he would be powerless to interfere. He had promised Cécile that he would follow her father; and in that case how was he to explain what had really occurred?

On reaching his own residence he procured his mask and the disc, which was his proof of membership, and then returned to the cab. It was only with the assistance of a bribe, that he persuaded the cabman to drive him such a distance beyond the fortifications, but at last he succeeded and they started on their journey. When they reached St. Germain he stopped at the cross roads, a hundred yards or so from the lodge gates and alighted. He waited until the man had turned his horse and was driving Pariswards, before he moved. Then he walked on to the gates, rang the electric bell, and was presently confronted by the gatekeeper. In response to the other's inquiry as to what he wanted at such an hour, he produced the small disc which he had brought with him, whereupon the man bowed and respectfully invited him to continue his walk to the house.

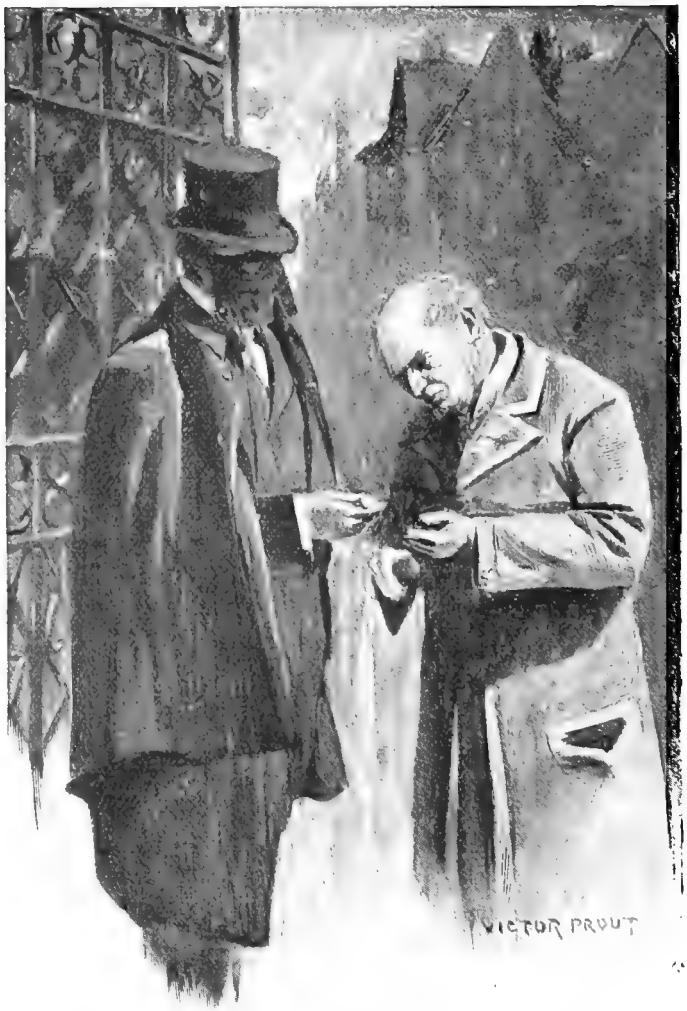
He was about to ring the bell, when the door was opened by one of the impassive servants he remembered so well. He crossed the vestibule and passed into the hall beyond. According to custom, he dressed as quickly as possible and made his way upstairs to the room in which the combats were conducted. Everything was just as he had seen it on his previous visits. The bell sounded for the seconds to enter the room; they were followed by the servants carrying the swords.

As on previous occasions the same parade was made of examining the weapons. The bright steel blades bent and quivered under the strain placed upon them, until a sufficient number had been declared to be perfect. Then the bell once more sounded; the doors on either side of the room opened, and the combatants entered the arena. The man who made his appearance from the right was of middle height, broad in shoulder, and as unlike de Tarvenac as it was possible for a human being to be. With a feeling of hope in his heart that he might have been wrong in his suspicions, Middlesborough glanced at the man's antagonist. Knowing de Tarvenac so well as he did, even the mask and the change of costume were not sufficient to conceal his identity. There was no mistaking the shape of the head and the contour of that long slender body.

Motionless as statues, the two stood waiting for the appearance of the woman who was to give the fatal signal. That evening, however, she was somewhat later than usual. At last she entered and passed slowly down between the lines of masked spectators to her chair. With a grace there was no mistaking, she bowed to the assembled company, and as soon as she had seated herself, and the combatants had in their turn saluted her, she gave the signal for the duel to commence. By the time their swords had crossed, Middlesborough had experienced many sensations. A sickening fear had taken possession of him and, for the first time in his life, he was testing that anxiety for another, which is perhaps the keenest torture a man can endure. De Tarvenac was an ideal swordsman, and luck, on this occasion at least, proved kind to him. His opponent, while being a good fencer, was

Google

by no means his equal. At last the seconds interposed, and called upon the combatants to rest, after which the duel was renewed with increased vigour. As before, Middlesborough hung breathlessly on every turn and twist of the swords. Then the idea dawned upon him that de Tarvenac was only playing with his man. More than once he was presented with an excellent opportunity of terminating the struggle, yet on each occasion he declined to avail himself of his advantage. It was like a cat playing with a mouse. There was a refined cruelty about it that was unmistakable. Middlesborough's gorge rose at the man, and he noticed that several of the members in his vicinity moved uneasily in their seats. The strain was becoming more than human nerves could endure. Why did he not put the poor wretch out of his misery? Why did he keep him at the sword's point, holding Death before him, yet never permitting himself to strike? After a time, however, he came to the conclusion that the farce had lasted long enough. Then, in a flash, his sword slipped within the other's guard; his wrist turned, and a second later there was the sound of a heavy fall, and the duel was at an end. Middlesborough could bear no more. He did not wait to see the victor make his bow, nor to see the wounded man carried out, but rose to his feet and staggered into the ante-room where he swallowed an amount of brandy that would have intoxicated him at any other time. Then, when he had changed his things, he left the house, filled with an intense loathing of himself, and also for the man who was Cécile's father.



He produced the small disc which he had brought with him.

It was two o'clock when he reached his own residence. A heavy shower had fallen and his clothes were wet and splashed with mud. But he paid no attention to them. He was thinking of de Tarvenac's return, and was wondering whether he would feel any remorse when he found himself under the same roof with his daughter, and thought of the man he had killed that night. In his sleep he went through the whole of that dreadful scene again and again, and woke in the morning feverish and unrefreshed. Never, happen what might, would he enter those unhallowed doors again.

It had been arranged that he should spend the following morning with Cécile. He had promised her one of the prettiest necklaces to be found in Paris, and they were to visit a shop in the Rue de la Paix together in order to choose it. Yet, try to overcome it as he would, he felt a repugnance in going near de Tarvenac's residence. In vain he tried

Digitized by Google

to make himself see the injustice of such a proceeding. Whatever his feelings might be towards the father, it was most unfair to inflict punishment upon the daughter. Accordingly, after breakfast he drove to the Rue Joséphine and climbed the stairs to the flat occupied by the Count de Tarvenac and his daughter. For the reason that he was shown into Cécile's boudoir, he began to hope that he would not see de Tarvenac. But he was destined to be disappointed. When he entered the room it was to find the Count seated at the writing-table by the window, busily engaged upon his correspondence. On hearing Middlesborough's name he rose from his seat, a very different man to what he was when the other had wished him good-bye on the previous night. Then he had been like a man under the sentence of death, now he reminded his visitor of one who had won for himself a new lease of life.

"*Bon jour*, my lord," he said heartily. "Is it not a lovely morning? Cécile has gone to her room to prepare for the excursion."

Middlesborough looked at the man, and thought of him as he had last seen him, standing in the arena looking down upon his prostrate antagonist. He felt that he must refer in some way to the other's fears of the previous night, yet he scarcely knew how to approach the matter.

"Since I see you in such good spirits this morning," he remarked, at last, "I can only suppose that the business, of which you spoke last night, passed off better than you anticipated?"

"Very much," de Tarvenac replied. "I frightened myself unnecessarily. One of the most defective arrangements of our system is the fact that one cannot see further ahead into the future."

Middlesborough was about to offer some reply to this ambiguous speech, when Cécile entered the room.

"I trust you will spend a happy morning together," said de Tarvenac, with a suspicion of a sneer as he bade them farewell. "Paris has more amusements to offer than Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, has it not, my Lord?"

"I think we are all happier than we were last night," Middlesborough returned.

De Tarvenac threw a glance at him—the other's face, however, told him nothing. By the time he had convinced himself of this, Cécile had drawn on her gloves, and this important operation having been satisfactorily accomplished, they set off on their excursion.

It was the first time that Middlesborough had had Cécile to himself in Paris, and he was going to make the most of the opportunity presented to him. It was a lovely morning, and for this reason they decided to walk in preference to driving. They accordingly made their way on foot to the Rue de la Paix, where, as many a lover and husband has found to his cost, are to be found some of the most tempting shops in all the world.

Here the necklace, which Middlesborough had seen and promised to Cécile, was tried, and finally purchased. It consisted of a double rope of large pearls, and her lover found that he could easily imagine how they would become that fair young throat. From one shop they passed on to another, pur-

Middlesborough gazed at the man, and thought of him as he had last seen him, standing in the arena and looking down at his prostrate antagonist.

Google

"Ah, Lord Middlesborough," said Madame d'Espère, "I had a presentiment I should meet you this morning."

chasing some souvenir at each, until Cécile stood aghast at the amount her lover had spent upon her.

"How quiet you have suddenly become, dear!" said Cécile, after they had been walking for some little time in silence. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing at all," he answered, with a forced smile. "Forgive me if I have seemed dull. I am rude enough to confess that at the moment I was thinking of something else."

The truth was, an indescribable feeling of depression had suddenly taken possession of him. Try how he would to shake it off, he could not rid himself of the notion that something unpleasant was about to happen to them. As it turned out he was not far wrong, for as they approached the Rue des Pyramides, Middlesborough descried a well-known figure walking along the pavement towards them. *It was no less a person than Madame d'Espère!* Had there been time to do so, he would have turned back in order to avoid her, but a glance showed him that it was too late. She had seen them.

"I wonder what she will do?" said Middlesborough to himself. "Heaven send she does not make a scene in the street."

As they approached each other Madame D'Espère uttered a little exclamation of astonishment, and then came forward with outstretched hand.

"Ah, Lord Middlesborough," she said, as if the meeting were one that gave her unmistakable pleasure. "I had a presentiment when I set out this morning that I should meet you. May I ask you to present me to Mademoiselle de Tarvenac? As one of your friends, I am anxious to have the opportunity of offering her my heartiest congratulations."

Digitized by Google

Middlesborough hesitated for a moment. He would have preferred to have kept Cécile away from her, but under the circumstances it was impossible.

"Cécile," he said, turning to his sweetheart, seeing there was nothing for it but for him to consent, "permit me the honour of presenting you to Madame d'Espère?"

Cécile bowed gravely and, as she did so, Middlesborough noticed that her face was very white, and that there was a frightened look in her eyes.

"I am an old friend of Lord Middlesborough's," said Madame, as she watched the girl's face and noticed the expression upon it. "He told me when he called upon me yesterday of the honour you had done him. Now that I have seen you, perhaps you will let me add that I think he is indeed to be congratulated?"

The compliment uttered so sweetly was but little better than an insult.

Cécile murmured something in reply to it. Then her lips quivered, and for a moment she looked as if she were about to faint.

"You are not feeling very well, I fear," said Madame d'Espère, who was still watching the girl's face. "If I were in your place, Lord Middlesborough, I think I should take Mademoiselle home at once. It is very warm for walking, and perhaps she is tired. Do not let me detain you."

Then, with a low bow, she continued her walk, leaving Middlesborough too greatly concerned about his sweetheart's condition even to notice her departure. He proposed to call a cab at once in order to convey her back to the Rue Joséphine, but she shook her head.

"I am much better now," she said with a little sigh. "I wonder what it could have been that upset me? I felt quite well until I spoke to your friend. Then I seemed to grow cold all over. I have never met any one like her before."

"She is a strange woman," Middlesborough replied. "And she affects people very strangely."

"Have you known her very long?" Cécile inquired, with what was almost a touch of fear and jealousy combined. "She spoke of herself as your old friend."

"I have known her scarcely six months," he answered. "I was introduced to her by the poor Duke de Rheims at Monte Carlo last winter."

"I am afraid of her," said Cécile. "You will think me foolish, I know, when I say so, but all the time she was looking at me, it seemed as if I could see blood dripping from her hands. Of course it was the wildest fancy, and yet so vivid was the delusion, that it made me feel quite faint and ill. What could it have been I wonder?"

"I cannot think," Middlesborough replied. "However, she is gone now, and you must forget all about her. In all human probability you will never see her again."

"I sincerely hope I shall not," Cécile answered. "She has frightened me more than I can say."

After that they continued their walk, and, to distract their thoughts, talked of other things as they did so. At intervals, however, Middlesborough noticed that his sweetheart gave little shudders, as if she had not yet been able to rid herself of the remembrance of her introduction to Madame d'Espère.

On their return to the Rue Joséphine, they found de Tarvenac preparing to go out.

He was still in excellent spirits.

"Cécile seems as happy as if you had presented her with the contents of all the jeweller's shops in the Rue de la Paix," he said as he patted his daughter's cheek. "There is nothing that can gladden a woman's heart so quickly as a judicious expenditure in jewellery."

"I am afraid Evelyn wasted a great deal of money upon me," said Cécile. "I told him that I was not accustomed to such extravagance. It had no effect on him, however."

"If you are wise you will make hay while the sun shines," Middlesborough replied with a laugh. "I have heard it said that a man is extravagant with his sweetheart, but stingy with his wife."

"I don't think you will ever be stingy," she answered, with a smile at her lover.

Then, before he could warn her, Cécile had entered upon a description of their meeting with Madame d'Espère.

"Madame d'Espère?" cried de Tarvenac with a face that in an instant had grown as ashen as her own had been in the Rue des Pyramides. "Do you mean to say, Middlesborough, that you introduced my daughter to that woman?"

"I am sorry to say that I could not help myself," Middlesborough replied. "We met Madame d'Espère, and she solicited the honour of an introduction to Cécile. But what do you know of her?"

An awkward silence fell upon the trio; it was broken by de Tarvenac, who, turning to his daughter, said:

"Cécile, for your own sake as well as for mine, I implore you never to let that woman

Digitized by Google

"She is one of the devil's agents," he cried, "and if you give her an opportunity she will drag your pure soul down to the hell in which she rules."

Digitized by Google

come near you again. She is one of the devil's agents, and if you give her an opportunity, she will drag your pure soul down to the hell in which she rules. Do not let her approach you. Spurn her, drive her away as you would the foul fiend, her master. Remember this, if she obtains any influence over you, you will never know happiness again."

Cecile stared at her father aghast. Never in her life before had she heard him talk like this.

"Come, come, my dear Count," said Middlesborough, who saw how the girl was being frightened, "it is not quite so bad as that. Madame d'Espère may be a very singular woman, but it cannot be said that she is as wicked as your words imply."

"In that case it is easily seen that you do not know her as well as I do," answered the Count. "I am glad to hear it, for if you did, marriage between yourself and Cécile would be impossible."

His daughter uttered a little cry.

"Forgive me," said de Tarvenac, putting his arm round her and looking at Middlesborough as he did so. "Perhaps I spoke with too much warmth. My dislike to Madame d'Espère carried me beyond the bounds of prudence. Nevertheless, she is a person with whom, if I were you, I should have as little to do as possible."

Then, making the excuse that he had an important appointment, for which, if he did not hurry, he would be late, he left the room.

"How foolish it was of me to have said anything to him about our meeting with that woman," Cécile began, when they were alone together. "I am always so thoughtless."

"You were not to blame," replied her lover. "How were you to know that your father was acquainted with her, dear? But, there, let us forget all about it. She has caused us enough unhappiness, and, as I said in the Rue des Pyramides, in all probability we shall neither of us see her again."

Feeling that she must be tired, and that it would be better that she should be alone for a little, he kissed her and bade her good-bye. When he reached his own house, his major-domo inquired whether he had seen the Vicomte de Chamberêt, who had called about ten minutes before? Not being successful in seeing Middlesborough, the latter had asked permission to write a note. When it was handed to him Middlesborough tore it open and scanned the contents. It contained an invitation for that night, but wound up with a sentence that made the other's heart stand still for a moment.

"Is it not sad about poor de Gonville? By this time you have doubtless heard that his body was found this morning floating in the Seine, near the Pont de Neuilly. Like de Rheims he must have been killed in a duel, for there is the mark of a sword thrust through the chest. I am told that his family are distracted with grief."

Middlesborough walked slowly to his study. When he endeavoured to remember the figure of the man who had fought de Tarvenac, the previous evening, he could recall the fact that he very much resembled de Gonville. If that were so, the latter must be accounted another of the Woman of Death's victims. Through her agency two of his best friends had met their deaths, and one of them, without doubt, at the hands of Cécile's father. Overwhelmed by the news, he ordered his carriage, and drove to one of his clubs to make further inquiries. From what he learnt there, it appeared that de Gonville had last been seen a little before eleven o'clock on the preceding evening, when he had seemed in excellent health, but in somewhat low spirits. Nothing was known of his movements after that, until a brief intimation from the police authorities reached his family to say that his body had been found by some boatmen, floating in the Seine, a little below the Pont de Neuilly. It was still in evening dress, and it was plain that he had not been killed for the purpose of robbery, for the reason that his watch and chain, and money, still remained in his pockets. On examining the body later, a wound of the description made by a duelling rapier, was found on the left side.

"And this led to a curious discovery," said Middlesborough's informant.

"From the nature of the wound it was plain that he had been killed in a duel; it was also certain that, at the time he fought it, he must have been dressed in other clothes."

"What makes you think so?" inquired Middlesborough, in a voice that, try as he would, he could not keep steady.

"*Because there was no rent or cut in the clothes he was wearing when they took his body out of the Seine*," answered the other, with the air of a man who offers an irrefutable argument.

"Then it was as I supposed," said Middlesborough to himself very slowly, as he went down the steps of the Club a few minutes later. "Poor de Gonville. Who will be next?"

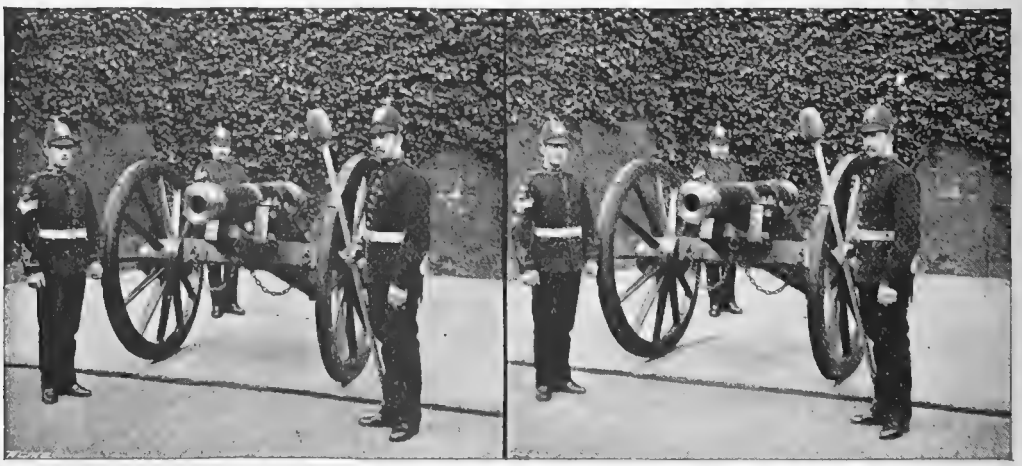
(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Grenadier Guards Relieving Sentry.

Indian Washermen.

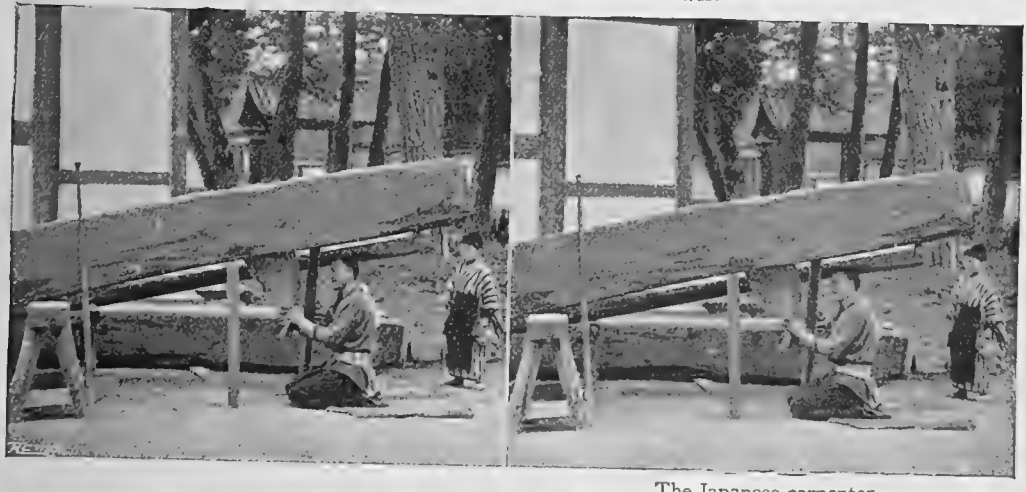


Royal Artillery with One of their Obsolete Guns.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

Digitized by Google

One of the Spanish warships disabled in the late War.



The Japanese carpenter.

A beautiful billiard-room.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

Google

GAZING AHEAD.

Photo by F. Ollo.

Looking for the Birds.

HAVE you ever realised that we are always gazing ahead—always endeavouring to peer into the future? What will a day, a week, a month, a year bring forth? we ask. Before the war broke out everyone was asking when it would come, and now we are all endeavouring to foretell when it will end. Great as this question is to the Briton, to the Boer, to the native African, there is to a certain class in our land a far greater question—a question which equally with the war resolves itself into a matter of life and death, but without the excitement or the glory of war to cast a halo around it.

The country maiden in our picture is gazing towards the south for the advent of the birds which shall proclaim the coming of Spring. But in London, and Liverpool, and Birmingham, and a score of other large cities and towns of Britain, there are hundreds of thousands of little children longing and praying for the warm, bright weather. They are not looking for the birds, for they never see these harbingers of Spring, but they believe that with the lengthening of the days, the time is fast approaching when they will once more gaze upon the green fields with their buttercups and daisies. They may well be found gazing ahead.

It is to the Fresh Air Fund that a hundred thousand children—dwellers in the dreary slums of our cities and towns—are indebted for the only sight they ever get of the beautiful country. Each year, for the last eight years, the number of unfortunate little ones who have benefited by the Fund has been increasing, and we must not in this ninth year commence a retrograde movement. We want £4050 with which to send away the hundred thousand little ones who are now looking and longing for their day in the country. They will go from London, Aberdeen, Birmingham, Belfast, Blackburn, Bristol, Bradford, Bolton, Cardiff, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Gateshead, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Oldham, Portsmouth, Sheffield, and Sunderland.

What will you do to help to send them? We know you will not fail, and that is the reason we come to the kind-hearted readers of the ROYAL MAGAZINE. Every sum of £8 2*s.* 0*d.* pays for a party of two hundred children. But do not hesitate because we mention so large a sum. A single ninepence will take one child for a day in the country, besides supplying it with plenty of good food; and even those who cannot afford so much as ninepence may send single coppers. Every penny subscribed is spent upon the childrens' holiday, and the whole of the working expenses, stationery, office rent, and attendants to look after the bairns are borne jointly by the proprietors of this Magazine and the Ragged School Union.

Do not let other calls, however just, prevent you from doing your share towards helping the Fresh Air Fund. All letters, applications for collecting cards, etc., should be addressed to the FRESH AIR FUND, ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

Copyright.] [Copyright.

MEDICINES FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Indigestion, Flatulence, &c.

Kilby Pears'

Bismuth, Pepsine & Chlorodyne Tablets.—The most effectual remedy for severe or long-standing cases of Indigestion, especially when attended with pain, flatulence, heartburn, acidity or spasms. This combination of medicines seems to be absolutely a specific for such cases, and affords almost instantaneous relief. They are also of service where there is flushing of the face, and general discomfort after eating.

The theory of the good effect of these Tablets is—

THE BISMUTH removes any gastric irritation and acidity.

THE PEPSINE completes the digestion of food not yet thoroughly acted upon by the gastric fluid.

THE CHLORODYNE allays all pain and discomfort.

A Physician reports—"In those frequent cases of Dyspepsia, where excessive acidity and flatulence, with pain and general discomfort, follow every meal, the immediate relief afforded by these Tablets is a genuine reality."

Bottles, 1/- and 2/6 each, post free

Blood Purifier.

Kilby Pears'

Sulphide of Calcium Tablets (Sugar-Coated).—Of the greatest service where eruptions of the skin, such as pimples, blotches, boils, &c., show an impure state of the blood. The skin quickly acquires the clear bright appearance which is an unerring certificate of good health. Medical Journals report long-standing cases of acne cured by the use of this medicine. It is remarkable also for its property of dispersing boils.—*Bottles 2/6 only, post free.*

Hæmorrhoids or Piles.

Kilby Pears'

Cocaine and Bismuth Suppositories.—A wonderfully effectual remedy, giving instant and remarkable relief. The curative properties of these Suppositories are exerted on affected parts which ordinary applications, such as ointments, fail to reach.—*Boxes, 1/9; treble size, 4/6; post free.*

The presence of Piles indicates a congested condition of the Liver, and a gentle stimulus directed to that organ by means of Compound **Euonymin** Tablets greatly hastens a cure. (*See Illustration.*)

Nervous Exhaustion, &c.

Kilby Pears'

Compound Hypophosphite Tablets (Sugar-Coated).—These Tablets are composed of the Hypophosphites of Potassium, Calcium, Manganese, &c., combined with Nux Vomica. They are recommended where a powerful restorative and vitalising medicine is required.

This combination of Tonics is essentially a *Brain and Nerve Food*, and is of infinite value in want of nerve power, lowness of spirits, whether brought on by too close an application to business, overstudy, weakness after influenza, bronchitis, poorness of blood, or other causes of nervous exhaustion.

Students, literary, professional and business men, who are habitually overworked, or periodically subject to mental strain, derive immense benefit from a course of these Tablets, as they supply the system with the necessary elements for making good the "wear and tear" incurred by the modern high-pressure mode of life. *Sold in 2/6 Bottles only, post free.*

Colour in the Cheeks.

Kilby Pears'

Ferruginous Tablets (Sugar-Coated).—The distressing sallow, bloodless look of anæmic patients is due to impoverished blood (deficiency of red blood corpuscles). These Tablets quickly enrich the blood and bring the red glow of health to the cheeks.

Weakness, languor, and incapacity for exertion, from which many ladies, and particularly young growing girls, suffer, quickly disappear, and tone and vigour are imparted to the entire system.—*Bottles 1/-; treble size 2/6, post free.*

Sleeplessness, Headache.

Kilby Pears'

Tri-Bromide Tablets.—Produce a tranquil state of the nervous system, and thus induce healthy and refreshing sleep, most noticeable where overwork, grief, or worry causes broken rest.

They are a remedy for headache and for nervous irritability, and may be taken at any time for this purpose.—*Bottles 1/-; treble size, 2/6, post free.*

SEND FOR COMPLETE LIST.

(Your address on a post card will do.)

This List contains full particulars of all domestic medicines, and proper treatment for ALL COMMON AILMENTS.

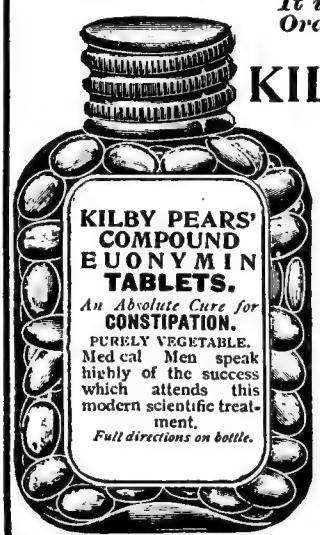
It is particularly requested that all Orders, however small, be sent direct to the Manufacturers:

KILBY PEARS & SON,

Manufacturing Chemists,

16, Western Rd., HOVE,

BRIGHTON.



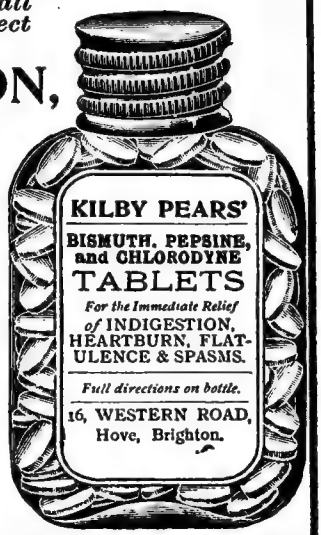
Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.

By this system Customers ensure receiving the goods in faultless condition by return of post.

All Packages are sent secure from observation.

POSTAGE FREE.

COLONIAL ORDERS of the value of Ten Shillings and upwards also sent post free.


KILBY PEARS'
BISMUTH, PEPSINE, and CHLORODYNE
TABLETS
For the Immediate Relief of INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE & SPASMS.
Full directions on bottle.
16, WESTERN ROAD, Hove, Brighton.

Sold in 1/- & 2/6 Bottles, post free.

Digitized by Google

CAPTAIN KETTLE IN A NEW RÔLE.

Yes, Sir!

The **C. I. V.** have introduced . . .

TORTOISE-SHELL MIXTURE

into the ORANGE FREE STATE, and will soon have it into the TRANSVAAL. They think it the Purest and Best Smoking Mixture ever produced.

"Our recent successes in South Africa have led to friends sending out tobacco and other delicacies to the Front. Owing to its quality, perfect packing, and other features, we are told that the first favourite in this respect is "**Tortoise-shell**" Tobacco. The amount of this fragrant weed sent out lately is something surprising. It is a perfect smoking mixture for a sportsman."

The *"SPORTING TIMES,"* February 24th.

SOLD ONLY IN PACKETS AND TINS.

Also TORTOISE-SHELL CIGARETTES,

THE HIGHEST CLASS VIRGINIA CIGARETTES PROCURABLE.

MILD with Silver Shield. **MEDIUM STRENGTH Green Shield.**

W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, Ipswich, London, and Norwich.

Digitized by Google

LADIES AT HOME OR ON TOUR..

Southalls' Absorbent, (Patented). Antiseptic.

SAMPLES free on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

"Sanitary Towels"

In Packets of One Dozen:—Size O. 6d.; Size 1, 1/-; Size 2, 1/6; Size 3, 2/-; Size 4, 2/-; Size X, 2/9. Size 1 can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at 6d.

Sample Packets (marked Size S), at 6d., containing three Size O, one each 1, 2 & 4, post free, eight stamps.

SOUTHALLS' SANITARY SHEETS for ACCOUCHEMENT, In three sizes, 1/-, 2/- and 2/6 each.

CERTAIN CURE FOR CORNS.

Royal Windsor Remedy.

A corn is a painful and unnecessary thing. And there is no reason why you should have a corn or an ugly wart a single week longer. **Wood's Vegetable Remedy** cures at once and cures permanently. It completely removes the corn, and enables the sufferer to walk with ease and agility even in the tightest fitting boots or shoes. With Wood's special appliance, you can attend to your corns in a few seconds, and the cure is as certain as it is speedy. Hundreds of grateful people have testified to its efficacy. A bottle of this wonderful remedy will be sent you by return, if you send Postal Order for 1s. to

R. WOOD, Chemist
(By Royal Warrant to the Queen),
50, High Street, WINDSOR.

NOTE.—Sixpence extra must be sent for postage to foreign countries. Twopence only for Colonies.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.

£20

Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

See 1lld. Guide and Catalogue (259 pgs.), 3d.
'HOW TO OPEN A CIGAR STORE from £20 to £2,000.'
Tobacconists' Outfitting Co. (*Regd.*)
186, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.
N.B.—The largest and original house. (*A reputation of over half a century.*)
Manager—HY. MYERS.

WOODS' PATENT GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE MATTRESSES AND BEDSTEADS.
Carriage Paid, and Liberal Cash Discount allowed.

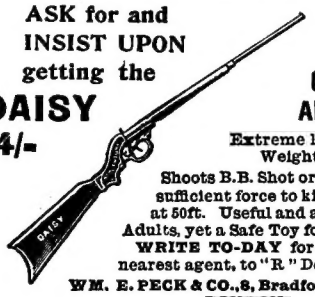
Guaranteed for Five Years.

EXHIBITED Carrying **ONE TON** AT *Liverpool, Manchester, and other Exhibitions.*

Catalogues and Prices free on application to the
LONGFORD WIRE CO., Ltd., WARRINGTON.
London Office—61, St. Mary Axe. Liverpool Office—159, Duke St.
Please mention this Magazine.

FOR CERTAIN SATISFACTION

ASK for and INSIST UPON getting the **DAISY 4/-**



20TH CENTURY AIR RIFLE.

Extreme length 30in. Weight, 2 lbs.

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts with sufficient force to kill Rats, &c. at 50ft. Useful and amusing for Adults, yet a Safe Toy for Children. **WRITE TO-DAY** for address of nearest agent, to "R" Dep.,
WM. E. PECK & CO., 8, Bradford Avenue, LONDON.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Satisfying. Strengthening. Soothing for Infants. Agreeable. Digestible. Nourishing

.. The RINGLEADERS, ..

Established in the Reign of King George III.,

For Solid 18-carat Gold (Government Hall-marked) Rings at Manufacturer's Cash Prices.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, Set with Real Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, &c., &c., Post Free to any Address in the World. Money returned in full if not approved of within 7 days.

Two Rubies, six Pearls and one Diamond, **18/6.**

Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre, **£2 10 0.**

Handsome Pink Coral, **24/6.**

Single Brilliant Diamond, **21/-**

Three Sapphires and four Diamonds, **£4 10 0.**

One Diamond and two Rubies, **27 6.**

SPECIALITY:—Solid Guinea-Gold Wedding Rings and Keepers. Price Lists Free.

JOHN MYERS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Ring Manufacturers,
131a and 135a, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

Digitized by Google

£250 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

NO PRIZE LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS.

WE WISH TO ADVERTISE OUR NAME AND SELL OUR GOODS EXTENSIVELY among the Readers of this magazine, and to introduce ourselves quickly we are prepared to be even more generous than some of our competitors. We have therefore decided to make the above handsome prize offer, which, however, we can only keep open for a very short time. This is what you have to do:—

HERE IS A PUZZLE.

	5	

Every person who solves it will be entitled to participate in our Grand Money Distribution Scheme, in which we are offering £250 in Cash Prizes, and we Guarantee that NO PRIZE will be LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS. Even if you do not care to compete for a money prize you will find the puzzle interesting enough to form a valuable addition to your home circle. It is not necessary to use our printed diagram. The diagram can be roughly made out, and the figures filled in on a sheet of note paper.

The diagram shows nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square. The puzzle is to place a different figure in each of the remaining eight squares so that on the columns being added the result will be 15 each way. That is to say, each column will add 15 up and down, across each row, and diagonally from corner to corner. You can use the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and can place them exactly as you choose in order to obtain this result, but the figure 5 must not be removed from the centre of the square.

At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting, and is surely well worth trying.

If you succeed in getting the correct answer, send on your solution to us, enclosing at the same time Postal Order for *1s. 6d.* (and twopenny stamps to pay the postage, packing, &c.) for one of our beautiful Zambesi Diamond Brooches and Gent's Scarf Pins, on which we make a slight profit, which will help to pay the cost of this advertisement. The Brooches or Pins are fitted with lovely Zambesi Diamonds. These Diamonds are not Nature's production, but are chemically made by a secret process lately discovered, which you have probably read of in the newspapers, and which, at present, are all the rage in the West End of London.

Send your answer at once, together with your Postal Order for one shilling and sixpence, and two penny stamps for postage. In writing state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. State also how you wish your prize money sent—whether Bank Cheque, Postal Orders, or in cash in a registered envelope. We will send it in any way you desire. All prizes will be promptly awarded.

NORMAN & CO. (DEPT. 58), 9, Southampton Street, LONDON, W.C.

JUNO CYCLES For Ladies & Gents. The Very Best. Most up-to-date.

FREE OR FIXED WHEELS. Carr. Paid. Dis. for Cash. Monthly.

Light Roadster, £10..16/8 Monthly. £11..18/4
£12 0..20/- £14 14..24/6
£12 12..21/- £15 15..26/3

Write for New Season's List, over 100 pages, of **JUNO** Cycles and Accessories, sent post free. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., LTD., 75 & 76, Bishopsgate Street Without, London E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W. Mossberg Wrench (c pattern), 1/1.

DON'T LET MOTHS RUIN YOUR FURS OR BLANKETS

KEATING'S POWDER PRESERVES THEM.

KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS
Tins 3d., 6d. & 1/-

"MENE" SANITARY TOWEL FOR LADIES

Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 2 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 2, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 3, 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES, 55, Fann St., London, E.C

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.
D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH.

WOMEN MADE BEAUTIFUL

By DIANO. Develops the Bust, fills all hollow places, adds beauty, curve and grace to the shoulders and neck. Charms and attraction to the plainest woman. BEAUTIFUL women everywhere owe their SUPERB FIGURE and matchless loveliness to Diano. Harmless Permanent. Never Fails. Medical and Private testimonials, and full particulars sealed for stamp.—Address, LADY MANAGER, A. T. ESPANOLA CO., 333A, Regent Street, London, W.

To Economical Mothers!

FOR HOME DYEING

MAYPOLE SOAP

NO MESS — NO TROUBLE

DYES

CURTAINS, FROCKS, SILKS, SATINS COTTONS & in fact EVERYTHING.

COLOURS 4½ BLACK 6½

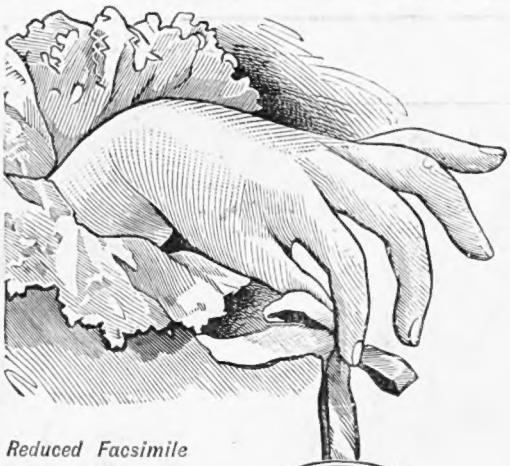
Digitized by Google

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Numerous are the uses for **BIRD'S** Custard Powder:—Dainties in endless variety, the choicest Dishes, and the richest Custard!

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Digitized by Google



Reduced Facsimile of **GOLD MEDAL** *awarded by the jurors of the Paris Exhibition 1889.*

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL

Ever awarded at any International Exhibition in the World for **Toilet Soap** was obtained by

Pears

SOAP MAKERS

By Special Appointment

TO HER MAJESTY

The Queen

AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

Prince of Wales.

CADBURY'S COCOA

"AFTERNOON COCOA."

In enervating Summer weather something more is required than a drink that is only temporarily refreshing. CADBURY'S COCOA undoubtedly supplies the need—being a delicious, refreshing beverage; thin in fluid, highly nutritious, and most sustaining—repairing waste resulting from oppressive heat. It is a perfect drink and food combined.

☞ **CADBURY'S is the ideal beverage for all times and seasons. It is absolutely Pure, therefore the Best Cocoa.**

Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to T. B. Browne's Advertising Offices, 163, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.